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MARCH 14, 1966 35 CENTS

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Contents

MARCH 14, 1966 *Volume 24, No. 11*

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

16 Soaring above Snafus

The bungling was something awful, but there were enough determined track stars present to save the AAU nationals

20 A Quarry Who Likes to Hunt

Surviving the ring-hardened tactics of Tony Alongi, Heavyweight Jerry Quarry proved he is a man with a future

24 Pink Chicken and a Bold Derby

A hectic week in racing showed one thing—that horse followers who are not allowed to bet get mad

32 Eeny, Meeny, Miney, Mo . . .

Without a solid favorite, a balanced field of college basketball teams opens the NCAA tournament

40 Numbers Game at Vero Beach

How the World Champion Dodgers teach their youngsters to play baseball

50 Watusi on the Snowball Special

A 22-car train loaded with skiers, dancers and lovers rolls from Los Angeles to Sun Valley

66 A Bit Too Much for Blighty

Bill Bradley drew only 500 to the Oxford-Cambridge basketball game, but there was a fine party afterward

70 A Dilly Day at Dingle

It was an ordinary day—and night—on the Kerry coast. Gammon, Brennan, Flannery and Jameson were there

The departments

8 Scorecard
58 People
61 Golf
63 Baseball
66 College Basketball
68 Bridge
83 Basketball's Week
85 For the Record
86 19th Hole

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Credits on page 85

Next week

STAY OUT OF THE TREES and trouble if you want to score well in golf. U.S. Open Champion Gary Player discloses his method of hitting the ball right down the middle.

RACING'S TOP WINNER last year was Nebraskan Marion Van Berg, although he did not start a horse at Aqueduct, Santa Anita or other racetracks that offer the big purses.

MY WRESTLING FATHER was the meanest, gougingest, bloodthirstiest pro around," insists Staff Writer Joe Jares in a fond reminiscence of a summer on the road with his dad.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Basketball fans all over the country—always an excitable lot anyway—are busy this week buying or searching for tickets, automatically yelling at anything in vertical stripes, hotly debating among themselves and generally frothing at the mouth over the NCAA championships. We preview the national tournament for you in this issue (*page 32*) and next week will present scouting reports on the four teams in the final round. If you clip the chart on page 33 and keep it up to date, you can retain a permanent record of the 1966 NCAAs.

The tournament provides a satisfying season's end for a quintet of our own—basketball Editor Jeremiah Tax, Associate Editor Frank Deford, Staff Writers Mervin Hyman and Joe Jares and Reporter Curry Kirkpatrick, who have been living, breathing, writing and editing college basketball for more than four months. Among them, these five have seen all the NCAA contenders, as well as scores of other teams. Deford has logged 27,000 airline and turnpike miles as he crisscrossed the country several times. He even managed to play a little basketball himself with the Kansas coaching staff. (Poor fellow, his school record of 31 points in one game at Baltimore's Gilman Prep was broken this year, by Sherman Bristow.) Frank enjoyed everything about the season except driving through a blizzard near Malad City, Idaho on the way to visit Idaho State.

Hyman is a regular at Madison Square Garden and other eastern arenas and has seen 30 different teams this season. He also flew to the Coast to see Oregon State and Pacific, between stints of analyzing the weekly stack of reports from our correspondents. Toward the close of last season (to prepare for this one) Merv saw 18 games in 13 days and this year he caught all 12 games in New York's Holiday Festival. Twice in that same week he managed to get home to Englewood, N.J. to watch Dwight Morrow High's team, co-captained by his son David.

Jares and Kirkpatrick have seen Davidson, Loyola of Chicago, Syracuse, Providence, St. Joseph's and Texas Western, among many others, and even Tax, bound to his desk by a chain of paper clips, has managed to see Colorado State, Dayton, Duke, Houston, Providence and St. Joe's. Because they travel so much, our basketball nomads are always cornered by the local fans and coaches at each stop and asked for scouting reports on teams in other areas. Playing no favorites, they are happy to oblige. "The Loyola people were awfully interested in Kentucky and Duke," says Kirkpatrick. "Down at Davidson they wanted to hear about Syracuse and Rhode Island."

Not only do the staff members get quizzed elsewhere but they grill each other, too, constantly. And the discussions and debates have reached peak intensity this week. As you might expect, there was hardly unanimity of opinion when the group got together to hammer out a consensus choice of the best team in this exceptionally open tournament. Tax was leaning to Michigan, our No. 6 pick in the December 6 college basketball issue. Deford came back from Kentucky very impressed with Rupp's Runts but thinking hard about Kansas, our original No. 2 choice. Hyman and Jares liked Kentucky, but Jares remembered with admiration the tenacity of Texas Western. Kirkpatrick, a loyal North Carolina alumnus, swallowed hard and argued for Duke. We'll give you the result of the great debate next week.

Garry Valk

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SHOPWALK

If you tire of where your Hideout is, put it on a trailer and move elsewhere

Forget everything you ever knew about vacation housing. Forget the $50-a-day tab just to put a roof over the heads of the family when you go skiing. Outboard Marine Corporation, a concern that manufactures outboard motors, golf carts and snowmobiles, has built a portable vacation house. Called the Hideout, it was designed by Andrew T. Kostanecki, a champion sailor and a skilled skier, to provide comfortable quarters in a 10-by-14-foot area for two adults and three children—Kostanecki's own family needs—or for four adults.

The Hideout is made of aluminum panels that sandwich polystyrene foam. Its outside walls have a baked-enamel finish, which is completely maintenance-free. On two sides there are floor-to-ceiling window walls, and one of these is a sliding glass door. The Fiberglas roof rises to a peak 10½ feet high, and this helps to give an illusion of space in the 1,220-cubic-foot area.

The utilities and storage space are very shipshape. The bathroom is a miracle of ingenuity: the shower head also serves to fill the folding sink, and the door expands to make space in which to dress. A coffee table also expands—into a dining table seating eight. It is a tribute to the designer's use of space that it is possible for eight people to sit down to dinner without feeling that they are eating each other's food.

People are stowed away equally neatly for sleeping. Besides a sofa bed for two, on ground level, there is an optional sleeping deck overhead that will hold two adults lengthwise or three children crosswise.

The house weighs between 2,500 and 3,000 pounds and is designed to be moved. Once erected, it can go anywhere on a flatbed trailer. It is lifted aboard or removed by means of four leveling jacks. It can even be brought down off a mountain, set on a raft and used as a houseboat. Light and heat can be supplied by gas, electricity, or a combination of the two. It can be wired to a 110-volt system or equipped with a generator but, for real mobility, gas is preferred.

There are two versions of the Hideout: a camper type with no appliances, costing about $3,000, and a deluxe version in varying degrees of luxuriousness that can push it into the $4,000 range. The Hideout can be paid for like an automobile, so much down and so much a month to your friendly neighborhood Outboard Marine dealer. To locate the nearest distributor, write to Outboard Marine Corporation, 100 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.

—PAMELA KNIGHT

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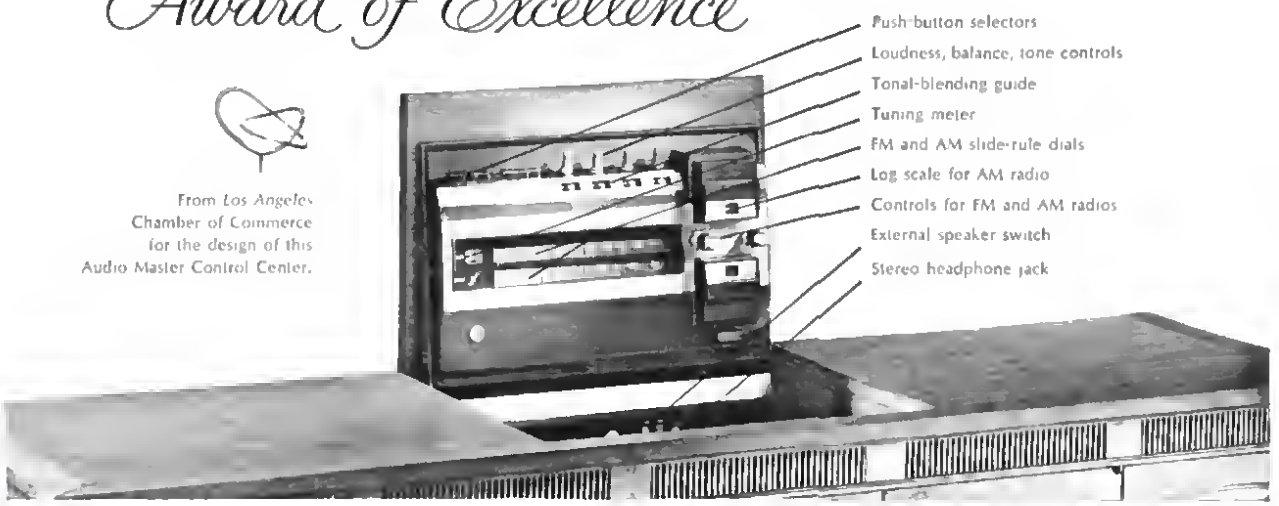

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SCORECARD

WHITHER THE FIGHT?

Back in 1860, when England's Tom Sayers fought John Camel Heenan for the championship belt, prizefighting was illegal. Blindly faithful fans boarded a London train, not knowing where the fight was to be held until the train stopped beside a lonely field and the cry was "Everyone off!"

The way things were going last week, it looked as if Cassius Clay and Ernie Terrell might have to rent a train of their own and start cruising the countryside. They had the date, March 29, but until Toronto timidly volunteered they were running *out* of *countries, states,* cities, yea, even suburbs (their most painful defeat was at Verdun, Que., where the mayor told them to shoo).

While everyone was running around looking, Clay himself flourished an official-looking envelope on which was printed, "Passport to the Moon." Said Cassius: "Looks like we're going to have to go to the moon to fight, because no place on earth wants us. We'll just go up there and fight it out and the one that wins will get to take the spaceship and come back."

The payoff, presumably, would be in moonshine.

PGA MUSCLE

When tournament leader Doug Sanders was disqualified from the Pensacola Open for failing to sign his scorecard last Saturday the immediate reaction was that the rule is absurd, the punishment is preposterous and the law is an ass.

The disqualification was certainly regrettable. Sanders, the defending champion, was the favorite of the Pensacola galleries and his ousting over a seemingly unimportant rule substantially hurt the tournament. But what may be more meaningful in the long view is the behind-the-scenes implications of the PGA's handling of the incident. Long an indecisive body, the PGA—in the person of its tournament supervisor, Jack Tuthill—suddenly chose to shun the easy way out of an awkward situation. At the Tucson Open on February 17 Tuthill had posted a notice warning competitors that the Rules of Golf require them to sign their scorecards before turning them in to the official scorekeeper. It said that in past years PGA officials had recalled players from putting greens, locker rooms and other such places for after-the-fact illegal signings. "The obligation under the rules rests with the competitor and henceforth the officials will not search out a competitor for noncompliance," said the bulletin —*plain enough.*

At Pensacola two weeks later, with tournament sponsors pleading for him to relent, Tuthill, a former FBI agent, found himself faced with enforcing the rule. It is significant that he did not hesitate or back down when Governor Haydon Burns of Florida angrily called the decision a "disaster."

The rule is there for a purpose—to make sure a player accepts the responsibility for the score he turns in. Tuthill was both courageous and correct.

TAXING PROBLEM

Britain's bookies and bettors are miffed because the Labor government plans to introduce a 2½% tax on betting. If the bettor wins, he is to pay the tax. If he loses, the bookie must pay it. In Britain tax-free gambling with bookmakers has been almost as much of a tradition as free speech. But even when the tax goes through and is added to the bookie's usual profit margin (8%), the British horseplayer is still going to be a lot better off than his American cousin, who, on the average, automatically gets clipped for 16½% every time he bets at the track.

THE DAISY AND WAR

The Daisy Air Rifle people at Rogers, Ark. were naturally curious when large orders for BB guns started coming in from military bases all over the country. It turned out the BB guns are being used to help train troops. At one base they are utilized in the last tough barrage of instruction of men headed for Vietnam.

This is at *Fort Polk in Louisiana,* where trainees are sent through lanes 35 meters wide and 175 meters long, with an instructor and grader accompanying. Terrain hazards—heavy brush, tangled logs, streams, fences, gullies and mud—are plentiful. As a trainee slogs ahead, BB gun in hand, metal silhouettes of prone guerrillas pop up. Some silhouettes are black, representing an enemy who must be instantly shot at and hit. Others are white, representing friends. Woe to the recruit who hits a white target. The test is difficult, and since there are soldiers in adjoining lanes the standard M-14 rifle with live ammunition is overly dangerous for this kind of training. (The Marines do it differently. They use BB guns to shoot at one another.)

"An awful lot of these kids are from big cities and never had a gun in their hands before," says one Army man. "They're gun-shy. We have to break them in easy."

BREKEKE-KEX

That shadowy figure skulking about in swamps these misty March nights is not a fight manager trying to make a deal; it is Dr. George Bennett, chief aquatic biologist of the Illinois Natural History Survey. Dr. Bennett, a leading authority on black bass (SI, Aug. 19, 1963), has

now become enamored of frogs and toads, and he is busy tape-recording their songs and calls on location. So far he has waded through snake-infested marshes to tape the shrill peep of the spring peeper, the rasp of the Western chorus frog (which has a song resembling the sound made by dragging a fingernail across the teeth of a pocket comb) and

continued

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the lusty snore of the gopher frog. This last was a rare coup because the gopher frog spends almost all its life down a crayfish hole.

One of the noisiest frogs is the cricket frog. It has a very loud, grating call, astounding for a creature so tiny. Its scientific name, *Acris crepitans blanchardi*, is twice as long as it is. Besides being loud, it is also athletic. Considering its size, a cricket frog probably can outleap any other frog.

The biggest ham that Dr. Bennett has found is *Bufo fowleri*, commonly known as Fowler's toad. Dr. Bennett was able to record its ear-piercing shriek by sticking the microphone right in front of one. Not in the least shy, it continued to scream away like a member of the Rolling Stones.

ASIAN GAMES

The fifth Asian Games, scheduled for December, on which Thailand is spending millions of baht for new facilities, are threatened by Southeast Asia's stormy rivalries. Cambodia, Thailand's neighbor, has decided to stage a second edition of the politically inspired Games of the New Emerging Forces at precisely the same time.

Undiscouraged, the Thais—never known for pessimism—are expanding National Stadium, building a new $1.5 million indoor stadium and laying out a Games village, with 714 bungalows, a shopping center and restaurants serving Thai, Chinese, American and European food. "Rumors that we might not run the Games because of the situation in this region are completely wrong," says spokesman Chalermchai Charuvastr. "When we come to sports we forget about personal and political differences."

MICHIGAN SALMON

This fall—or perhaps even sooner—it is entirely possible that the first Pacific silver salmon will rise to the fly of a startled Lake Michigan fisherman. It was in 1964 that Michigan's Department of Conservation decided that inland fishermen need not live by bass and muskie alone, and conceived the idea of salmon runs in the Great Lakes and also in rivers similar to Northwest coastal streams. Oregon sent one million salmon eggs east in November 1964 and another million last year. Washington shipped 1,200,000 eggs in 1965 and promised more.

There is no doubt that the salmon will

continued

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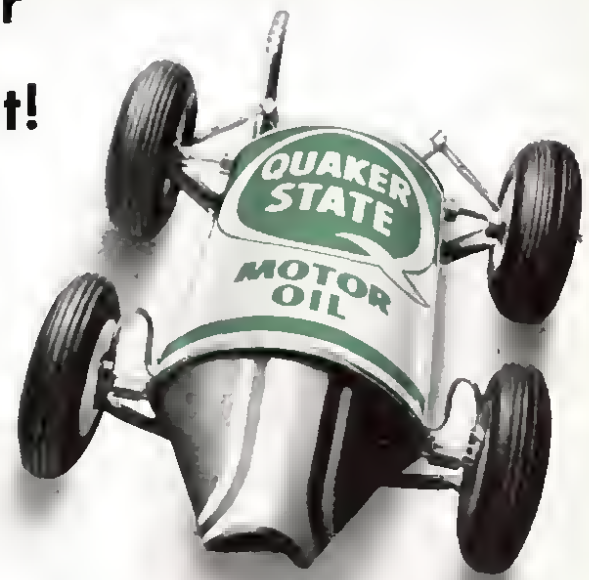

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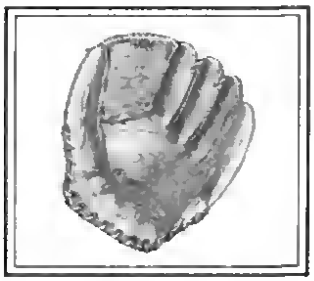
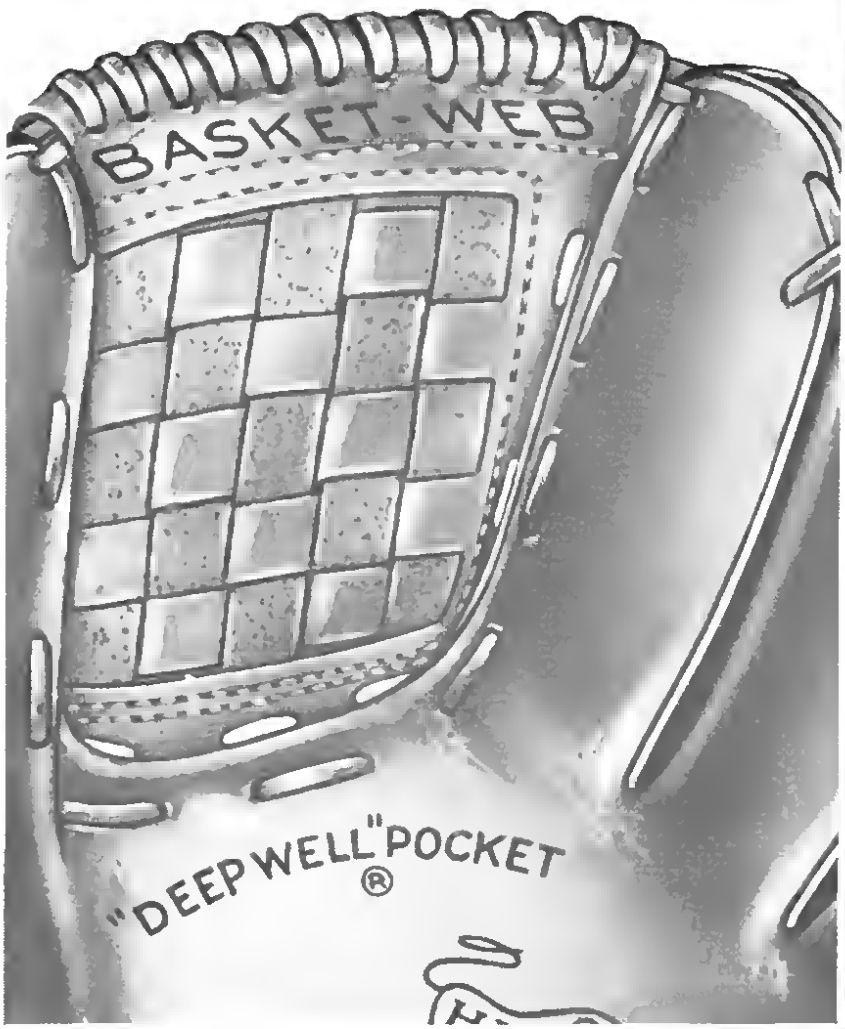
They like the unique properties of that "basket-weave" construction.

It's so flexible it will "pocket" the first baseball that hits it. But it's strong, too. The woven strips are actually part of the solid leather pieces that form the trap. Unlike most new types of webs, this one is so all-around good that it's available on first base mitts and catcher's mitts as well as fielders gloves. But only those made by Rawlings.



"The Finest In The Field!"

Rawlings



survive. The only uncertainty is whether they can perpetuate themselves through natural spawn. Michigan has noted that self-perpetuating chinook salmon, transplanted from California, are doing fine in New Zealand.

SPEED

The world land-speed duel between Craig Breedlove and Art Arfons is heating up. Disdaining to wait until the normal fall season on the Bonneville Salt Flats, Arfons is planning to make an assault with his jet-propelled *Green Monster* next month. Ordinarily, record runs are not possible in the spring—the flats require summer's heat to bake out the winter rains—but there has been less moisture than usual, and Arfons believes he can find six or seven miles of passable track.

His goal is the formidable one of surpassing Breedlove's 600.601-mph record, set last November in *Spirit of America* eight days after Arfons had done 576 mph. Arfons feels that he has eliminated a technical fault of the *Monster*'s that caused a number of chilling high-speed tire blowouts. Asked where he thinks the race with Breedlove will end, Arfons said, "Depends on which one of us gets a yellow streak first, I guess."

NAME OF A NAME

There still seems to be a question of what home-town rooters are going to call the American League's Angels. When the club announced last season that it was moving from Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles to a brand-new park in Anaheim, 20 miles south in Orange County, the front office announced triumphantly —and a little foolishly, we think—that the Los Angeles Angels were now the California Angels. But people in Anaheim took to calling them the Anaheim Angels, and at least one billboard has been erected that says, in big letters, "Good luck, 'Anaheim' Angels."

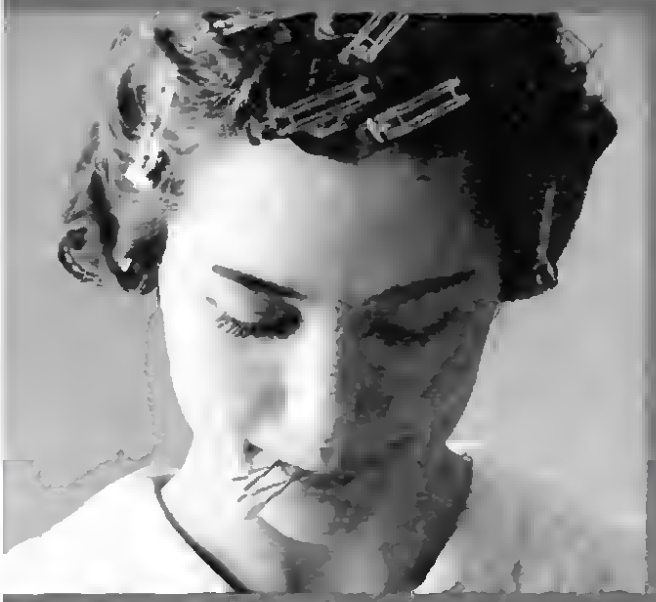
We think if the club plays in Anaheim it should be called the Anaheim Angels. It's a good name. It's distinctive. It will be remembered. After all, wouldn't it have been silly all these years to call that football team the Wisconsin Packers?

CRACKDOWN

After years of winking at the cozy and profitable relationship that the better Alpine racers have enjoyed with ski manufacturers, the Fédération Internationale de Ski has decided to crack down a

continued

a few words to people who can place the face



but can't remember the name...

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Who pioneered low rates for non-smokers? Who offers some of the lowest net cost life insurance around? Who's using these faces in their ads? Ol' whatcha-macallit, that's who! That great big life insurance company with a name that sounds like every other life insurance company. State Mutual of America. A name so common, it's easy to forget. But a company so good, it pays to remember.

State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America. Worcester, Massachusetts. Founded in 1844. Life-Health-Group.

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Sales of A&C are soaring. By the *millions!* Because a new generation of men who are going places are taking A&C cigars with them. Especially the A&C Grenadier. The reason? Flavor. Tastes so good, men say it never lasts long enough. The inside story: A&C's unique blend of fine imported leaf plus choice domestic tobaccos. Available in eleven other shapes and sizes, too. We hope you will light one up now.

Antonio y Cleopatra

tastes so good it never lasts long enough

Product of The American Tobacco Company ©A.T.C.

bit. Standard procedure for a winner is to whip off his skis and pose for photographs, with the manufacturer's label in there big and clear. Starting with the championships next August in Portillo, Chile, the FIS has ruled, racers must wear unmarked skis. To enforce the edict, an FIS man will be stationed on the mountain with a camp stove, paintbrush and bucket of bubbling paraffin. Any racer who appears with his brand showing will have it painted out.

NARROWEST PARK IN THE WORLD

Question: What is 50 feet wide and 32 miles long? Answer: the narrowest park in the world, if the New York Hudson River Valley Commission and the Sierra Club have anything to do about it. The proposed park is the walkway that runs atop the Croton Aqueduct carrying upstate water down to New York City. The walkway has long been a favorite place for hikers, but in recent years the city government, which owns the route, has allowed fences, parking lots and other impediments to block the path.

To draw attention to the walkway's park potential, the Sierra Club, the most powerful national conservation organization, last week asked Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas to lead a two-and-a-half-mile hike from Croton-on-Hudson to Ossining, the longest unimpeded stretch. Accompanied by 250 hikers, Justice Douglas, himself a member of the Sierra Club, took off at a brisk four-miles-per-hour clip. He paused only to look at the view, sign autographs and accept a box of bass bugs presented by the Sierra Club to mark his jaunt. Having done that, the Justice then went across the Hudson and strolled along and down several hills before flying back the riverbank. Said Douglas, "I like to help the cause. I'm afraid we're fighting a rearguard action. Out in my country [the Pacific Northwest] it's almost impossible to get 10 miles from roads. The wild and woolly West is all gone."

THEY SAID IT

- The Celtics' Bill Russell, sporting a lace-front shirt: "You have to be six ten and weigh 220 to get away with it."
- Mel McGaha, former Kansas City manager now with the Houston Astros' Triple A farm club at Oklahoma City, on his old boss Charlie Finley: "A tremendous salesman; he convinced me twice that I had a future in the Kansas City organization." **END**

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And some people are afraid to buy one: They don't see how we can turn out a cheap car without having it turn out cheap.

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Sports Illustrated
MARCH 14, 1966

SOARING ABOVE SNAFUS

It seemed likely that the AAU indoor nationals would be grounded by the most dedicated bungling in years, but then Albuquerque's earnest organizers and some brilliant new track stars saved the meet

by GWILYM S. BROWN

The fact that the AAU national indoor championships held last week *in Albuquerque finally could* be *called* successful and not disastrous was striking tribute to the remarkable recuperative powers of sport. It was proved once again that even the most vigorous administrative bungling is seldom a match for the resilience, energy and enthusiasm of athletes.

To begin with, Albuquerque's high altitude—5,100 feet at Tingley Coliseum, where the meet was held—was hardly an inspiration to great performances, but nonetheless eight world and nine championship records were tied or broken. National television viewers were treated to only a 12-minute scrap of delayed taping, but the 18,000 spectators who cheered their way through 26 men's and women's events on and around the coliseum's gleaming red board track could hardly have cared less. Most of the big names actually listed in the program as entries were back home in France, Kenya, Canada, Russia and various parts of the U.S. instead of on hand in New Mexico, but young, exciting and completely fresh new personalities bounded forth to serve as more than satisfactory replacements. People like Richmond Flowers Jr. (*see cover*), the practically perfect athlete who, though still just a freshman at the University of Tennessee and plagued by a sore back, grabbed off second places in both the sprint and hurdles. *Or Billy Gaines, a short,* stubby but brilliantly fast high school sophomore of 17 from New Jersey, who tied a world record in the 60-yard dash. Or Lajos Mecser, a redheaded Hungarian distance runner, who utilized what little oxygen there was left in Albuquerque's rarefied air with such efficiency that he won the three-mile title with a fast finish that left everyone else breathless. Or some 150 lithe and graceful girls who trod Albuquerque's fast and springy boards in a display of skill that paid off *in some unusually fast times.* Or, *finally,* tall and muscular Bob Seagren, a teenage sophomore at Glendale (Calif.) College, who achieved indoor track's first 17-foot pole vault a full hour after the rest of the weekend's lively activities had passed into the record books.

Rising to a world-record vault, Bob Seagren clings to his whiplashing fiber-glass pole.

Despite the comic-opera phase it was to pass through later, this year's meet seemed to be off to a good start last May, when it was announced that, after 40 years of practically uninterrupted residence, the championship was to leave New York's Madison Square Garden and move to the Southwest. Albuquerque's Junior Chamber of Commerce offered a $15,000 guarantee to provide transportation for the contestants and a fine 10-laps-to-the-mile board track that glows under the coliseum's bright lights like an oblong dish of raspberry Jell-O. In accepting Albuquerque's bid the National AAU not only took a first step toward making the championship a tru*ly national one but also set* up *the in*teresting challenge of athletes vs high altitude that must play such an important part in our preparations for the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City.

There was immediate cause for concern, however, in the dates chosen for the meet, March 4 and 5. The selection served as a classic example of the uselessness of being in the right place at the wrong time. This first weekend in March clashed with the staging of the IC4A indoor meet on the East Coast, with the *Big Ten championships in* the Midwest and with the traditional opening of the outdoor track season on the West Coast. These burdens, added to the already existing one created by the AAU's long-term feud with the National Collegiate Athletic Association, gave meet sponsors a real problem in trying to line up a first-rate field. But this wasn't grief enough. According to AAU policy, expense money can be dispensed only from its home office in New York. This left meet officials in Albuquerque with the recruiting firepower of a cap pistol.

"About all we could do was send out entry blanks," griped meet chairman Dick Kerekes, an Albuquerque civil engineer, as he riffled through a program on the eve of the meet, dolefully scratching out such names as France's Michel Jazy, Kenya's Kipehoge Keino, the University of Kansas' distance

continued

runner John Lawson and half-miler Bill Crothers of Canada. "Without the power of the purse we could beg a guy to come here but then had to say, 'Oh, yes, and call the AAU to make sure you don't have to pay your own way.'"

One man Kerekes was lucky to get was Wilson Kiprugut, the Olympic 800-meter bronze medalist from Kenya, who was in Toronto, accompanied by his manager, John Kidiwa. All he knew for certain was that he owned a plane ticket to Albuquerque.

"We did not hear from anybody," says Kidiwa. "All we did hear was a rumor that they were not even holding Wilson's event, the 1,000-yard run, because too few had entered. We came ahead anyway."

"That doesn't make sense," claims Colonel Don Hull, the AAU's executive director, a genial man who holds the kind of job only an efficiency expert could love. "The Canadian AAU had entry blanks for the meet. All they had to do was ask."

Keino, according to Kidiwa, was hoping to make his third trip to the U.S., but his airline ticket arrived too late for him to arrange the time off from his work. "We sent him a ticket by wire," claims Hull, "but he never picked it up at the TWA office in Nairobi."

One of the indoor season's hottest box-office attractions, Miler Jim Ryun, was exposed to a sales pitch so lacking in enthusiasm that it seemed almost like an invitation to stay away. He and his schoolmate, Lawson, received letters from the AAU's Missouri Valley Association inviting them to Albuquerque. The letters ended "Please find enclosed check for $100 to cover traveling expenses." No checks were enclosed. There had been other communications with the boys' coach, Bob Timmons, but these made no difference. Long before the checkless letters arrived, Ryun and Lawson were committed to run in a Kansas meet.

Already hounded by an expanding vacuum of topnotch entries, Chairman Kerekes was dealt the most humiliating blow of all just five days before opening night. On Sunday afternoon a large welcoming committee trooped out to the city's spanking-new stucco air terminal to greet the plane that was to bring in an eight-member task force of Russian athletes. On hand were two emissaries from the governor's office as well as Archie Westfall, the mayor ex-officio, military dignitaries, a battery of television cameras and a large crowd of inquisitive natives.

Only a drum majorette and the oom-pah-pah of a marching band were missing. Oh, yes, and the Russians. While an embarrassed group of greeters were huffing at each other in Albuquerque the Russian delegation, suddenly recalled, was on its way home to Moscow. No one had bothered to notify Albuquerque of the change in plans.

Equally as distressing to New Mexicans was the loss of a rich deal with CBS that evaporated as mysteriously as the Russians. "I was obliged to sign over TV rights to the AAU," Kerekes said, continuing his mournful game of Can You Top This? "But I was in New York last February and was offered $30,000 by CBS *for television rights. I didn't have* the power to negotiate, so I turned it over to the AAU. All I know now is that one moment we had $30,000 and a TV show and later practically nothing."

"The CBS offer was lost," goes Hull's rejoinder, "because the final decision to hold the meet in New Mexico came too late. Besides, I never thought CBS was very serious about the deal. We tried to arrange something with all the TV stations, but they were already committed."

The AAU's loss in the dash to the picture tube is embarrassing. Two weeks earlier the New York AC meet had monopolized a full 90 minutes of ABC's time and this weekend ABC is televising the NCAA indoor championships. The AAU's pathetic show last Sunday must

Sprinter-Hurdler Flowers, who has a bad back, slips into his corset between trial heats.

have produced ear-to-ear grins at the NCAA's office in Kansas City.

If AAU officials were slow afoot, the entrants in their championship decidedly were not. The first important final of the opening night, the three-mile run, produced a notable duel between runners and thin air. Judged only from the winning time, the air came out first but, considering the handicap, the results were excellent. Lajos Mecser followed a dawdling pace for two miles, then spurted into the lead and, grimacing frightfully, lashed himself through a closing mile at 4:22.4 to win in an overall time of 13:40.4, 22 seconds over the meet record but equivalent to something much faster. Mecser came out of the race with a headache. Tracy Smith, who had chased Ron Clarke to a two-mile record the previous week, finished second in 13:42.4. He still felt lightheaded an hour after the race.

"My coach, Mike Igloi, told me to really sprint into the lead with five laps to go," said the 20-year-old Smith, "but when the time came my legs just had no life and I couldn't do it."

Tom Laris, who has suddenly blossomed at two miles after a disappointing four years at Dartmouth, finished third in 13:47.2. He felt severe stomach pains in the latter part of the race.

"My legs felt fine, but it really hurt across here," said Laris after the race, throwing an arm across his abdomen. "Where am I supposed to hurt?"

With the three-mile run disposed of, the theme of the meet became "Damn the altitude, full speed ahead." The 1,000-yard run was successfully defended in meet-record time (2:07.8) by curly-haired, 27-year-old Ted Nelson, who accomplished a good share of his training walking eight miles a day while reading meters in the Los Angeles area for the Southern California Gas Company. Billy Gaines tied the world record of 5.9 seconds in his heat of the 60-yard dash and the following night barely won the event in a photo finish with Flowers. He and Flowers then posed for another photograph, which may have a decisive effect, one way or another, on the Alabama gubernatorial primary May 3. Gaines, a Negro, and Flowers, [illegible] general, will be running for governor on a platform of racial moderation, embraced cordially as flashbulbs popped like a battery of Chinese firecrackers.

Records popped along with flashbulbs as the men set new meet standards in the shotput, the 60-yard high hurdles, the 600-yard run and three relays. Art Walker won the triple jump with a leap of 54 feet 9½ inches, a world record. Then Bob Seagren gave the men's events their second world record. All season he has been pushing his close friend and roommate, John Pennel, to one indoor record after another in the latter's bitter assault on 17 feet indoors. At midnight Seagren cleared the bar set at 17 feet ¼ inch while Pennel looked on with what must have been a severe sense of frustration. John was first to pull Bob to his feet and offer congratulations.

"Wait until I get my new pole," Pennel finally announced. "I'll go 18 feet."

"Don't talk, just do it," laughed Seagren, his record temporarily secure.

The girls were better than the boys, setting new world indoor marks in five of the seven running events. Tennessee A&I's tall, slender Edith McGuire, the Olympic 200-meter champion, won the 220-yard dash in 24.1, and her teammate, Wyomia Tyus, the Olympic 100-meter winner, covered 60 yards in 6.5 seconds. Charlotte Cook, 18, a redhead from Compton, Calif., won the 440-yard run in a pacesetting 54.2. She was all delighted smiles after sailing through the finish tape, then burst into tears when she heard that her winning time was a full 1.4 seconds under the old world indoor record. Hungary's trim brunette, Zsuzsa Szabo-Nagy, by now a relatively familiar sight in the U.S. after two winter visits to the indoor circuit, won the 880-yard run in 2:08.6, a 1.6 improvement over the pending world indoor record. She led America's 16-year-old girl wonder, Marie Mulder, to the finish by a good 15 yards.

"When I heard the time for the quarter was 63.5 I sort of dropped my head in surprise," said Marie, who tailed Mrs. Szabo throughout the race. "When I looked up she was gone."

Perhaps the AAU could learn a lesson from the youthful Miss Mulder: "Don't ever take your eye off the track ahead." [illegible] be saved by fresh personalities, high leaps and faster races. Eventually they will have to keep their eyes fixed straight ahead and do some fast stepping of their own. **END**

Gasping for breath in New Mexico's thin air, Hungary's Mecser drives to three-mile win.

A QUARRY WHO LIKES TO HUNT

Jerry Quarry, a young man with a lot to learn about fighting, passed an early test last week when he drew with wily Tony Alongi and showed ringsiders he might eventually become the successor to Clay **by TEX MAULE**

Jerry Quarry, the raw, young heavyweight from California, who should be but so far has not been called Rock, fought to a draw in Madison Square Garden last weekend and proved: 1) that if he was not yet master of his trade he could be eventually and 2) that once he learns the finer points he well might become the next heavyweight champion.

With only 16 pro bouts behind him, Quarry fought Tony Alongi, a tall, difficult veteran of 41 fights and, as soon became evident in their match, an excellent instructor in the less honorable aspects of boxing. Alongi provided the astonished Quarry with an advanced postgraduate course in thumbing, elbowing, butting and in landing left hooks to the groin. Even so, the surprise of the fight to the ringside press was that Jerry Quarry had not won. It voted for him 16–8–4.

"I wasn't ready for this one," Quarry said later. "Maybe I stepped up too far in class. Johnny Flores and my dad didn't think I should fight Alongi, but I wanted to fight in the Garden. I guess every young fighter does. I had to get it out of my system."

Flores and Jack Quarry, Jerry's father, manage him, although they do not always control him. The week before the fight, in his room at the Midtown Motel in Manhattan, Quarry's father explained why he was not in favor of the Alongi fight.

"Jerry was supposed to meet Buster Mathis," he said. "Mathis would have been fine. He hasn't had any more experience than Jerry, and he is about the class of fighter we would like to put Jerry in with now. I think he may beat Alongi, but if he does, we won't be able to get fights with the young heavyweights in his own class. We'll have to step up, and I don't want to push him that hard. He's only 20. He has time."

Originally Quarry's father felt that it would be three years before the husky youngster would be ready to challenge Cassius Clay; after his performance against Alongi in the Garden, two years would seem a more realistic estimate. His showing was made more impressive because he was on display on a special card with two other undefeated young heavyweights—Olympic Champion Joe Frazier and James J. Woody—and he looked to be much the best of the trio.

Unmarked but tired, Quarry waits hopefully for the verdict after tough fight with Alongi.

Quarry's best rounds came early in the fight, before Alongi's low left hooks took his legs away from him. In the second round, slipping under the long left jab that is Alongi's most effective legal weapon, Quarry slammed his taller opponent in the belly with a short, bludgeoning left hook, then looped a right to the side of his head. The punch was a trifle off target. Had it been a little lower, it might have put Alongi down. As it was, it opened an inch-long cut at the side of Alongi's left eye, which his corner closed between rounds.

Quarry's inexperience was evident in the way he chose to fight the more knowledgeable and extraordinarily long-armed Alongi. Barely more than six feet tall, Quarry was giving away 15 pounds in weight and four inches in height. Alongi used his considerable advantage in reach to fence with the short-coupled Quarry (with his stubby, thick arms he reminds you of Rocky Marciano) at a comfortable distance.

A more experienced fighter might have counteracted this strategy by crouching, so that Alongi would have had to punch down at him, but Quarry, a natural stand-up boxer, stayed erect and defended himself from the jab by picking it off with his right hand or slipping it with quick movements of his head. While he did this extremely well for a man who has had so few fights, the parry still left him too far away for very effective counterpunching. This hurt his cause, since Alongi is not a difficult man to hit, especially when he is crowded.

Occasionally Quarry would manage to get inside the long left and batter Alongi with strong hooks to the head and body, but too much of the time he was kept on the outside. And Alongi, *continued*

Rough and ready, stoutly built Quarry is unrattled by Alongi's hard right under the ribs

whether by design or accident, hit him low at least seven times.

Once, after being hit in the groin, Quarry bent over in obvious pain and sank to one knee. Inexplicably, the referee saw hit to warn Alongi only once, but it is a tribute to Quarry's natural fighting instinct that after each of the low blows he fought back viciously. The most damaging foul came in the sixth round and seemed to sap some of Quarry's energy, although he had enough left to land the most decisive punch of the bout in the seventh. In that round Alongi had crowded Quarry into the ropes and was moving in when Quarry hit him flush on the mouth with a short left hook. The blow set Alongi back on the seat of his pants, but it did not stun him; he was up at the count of three and fully capable of defending himself against Quarry's ensuing attack. In the last two rounds Quarry, who had gone 10 rounds only once before, moved on leaden legs. For the first time in the fight, he looked as inexperienced as he is, and he threw a wild assortment of bolo punches and swinging left and right hooks.

Quarry has a crisp, economical style when he is fresh and in control of himself. His jab leaves a good deal to be desired, but it is doubtful that a jab will ever be very effective for a man with such short arms. What he needs most is instruction in infighting. When his furious rushes took him inside, he often wound up off balance. Alongi wrapped him up easily, then draped his long body over Quarry, tiring the youngster even more.

"I didn't run enough for this one," Quarry said in the dressing room. He was unmarked, except for an angry red abrasion under his left eye, where Alongi's elbow caught him in the sixth round. "I thought I won the fight," he went on. "I would have won in California. There, in a fight like this, the decision goes to the fighter who gets the knockdown."

"You did all right," his father said. "You got nothing to be ashamed of."

"I'm not ashamed," Quarry said. "I'm disappointed. I'd like to get him again. I can take him."

"How about Frazier or Woody?" someone asked him.

"Either one," Quarry said. "Or Buster Mathis."

It seems likely that Quarry would be too difficult for any one of the other new heavies. Frazier, who replaced Buster Mathis as the U.S. heavyweight in the Tokyo Olympics and took a gold medal, won against a reluctant tiger named Dick Wipperman in one of the eight-round bouts preceding the Quarry-Alongi fight. Wipperman is a veteran from Buffalo. Before the fight he sat in his dressing room trying to psych himself into aggressiveness.

"My name is Richard Wipperman," he told a visitor. "Richard for Richard the Lionhearted. And Wipperman, if you break it down, means whip a man. And that is what I'm going to do."

Somewhere between the dressing room and the ring, Wipperman's self-psyching failed. All he did during the bout was paw ineffectually at Frazier and sidle unhappily along the ropes as if he were seeking a sanctuary. Against so inept an opponent Frazier was unable to demonstrate many of his skills, but he did show fast hands and a good deal of resourcefulness against a thoroughly unorthodox opponent.

The fight was stopped in the fifth round, not because Frazier had done great damage to Wipperman, but because Wipperman demonstrated a growing disinclination even to go through the motions of fighting. Although Frazier is a bit bigger than Quarry, he did not appear nearly as strong against his opponent, nor as effective a puncher.

He was understandably disgruntled after the fight.

"Most people said I couldn't go more than two, three rounds," he said. "But I feel good. I'm a little weary, but I still had power. I wish the man had stood up. He said he came to the Garden to fight, then he got in the ring and changed his mind."

Frazier and Woody would be a good match. Woody, whose previous claims to fame were two bloody dismantlings of 6-foot 8-inch Jim Beattie, was knocked flat early in his fight with Lee Carr and spent three rounds discovering how to avoid Carr's roundhouse swings, but he improved as the bout went on and won a unanimous decision. He is a sharp puncher and obviously a quick study. By the sixth round he had learned to time Carr's most effective punch, an overhand right thrown with much the same motion Don Drysdale uses in delivering a fast ball. Once he stepped inside the cumbersome swing and delivered a handsome, straight right hand to the chin that floored Carr.

While neither Woody nor Frazier appears to be in the same class as Quarry, both are promising fighters, and they add strength to the ranks of the youth movement in the heavyweight division. Woody's principal defect seems to be a lack of killer instinct. When he had Carr down, he failed to follow up his advantage aggressively. Maybe one explanation of this reluctance is that he trained in the same gym with Carr.

"I didn't have no meanness," he said.

"I'm going home and work," Quarry said as he left the Garden. "I know I got a long way to go, but I know I can make it. But my daddy is right. I have to pay the price, and I haven't been paying enough. The next time I come here I'll be ready. You watch. I got time."

He has much more than time. He is still growing; eventually he probably will weigh 200 pounds. He has very quick hands for a heavyweight and, although he is not as fast on his feet as Cassius Clay, he is nimble enough. He takes a punch well; Alongi hit him with several strong left hooks, but Quarry was never dazed. He has to learn how to handle a rough, tall fighter and how to corner a fighter who retreats, but he appears capable of learning.

And he has the biggest asset of all. "He can hit," said Alongi after the fight. "With both hands."

RATING THE YOUNG HEAVIES

BY NAT FLEISCHER

For the past 43 years Nat Fleischer, the editor of Ring Magazine, *has published prizefighting's most authoritative ratings. Here is his assessment of the future for the emerging group of young heavyweights, and here, too, is the first word of a move up in rank for California's Jerry Quarry.*

The heavyweight situation today is similar to the troubled times of the Jack Johnson era. I remember the Johnson-Willard fight was kicked around the same way the Clay-Terrell match has been. Johnson was the villain then, as Clay is today. Nobody wanted the Johnson fight and finally it landed in Havana. That was considered the low ebb for boxing; although some regard this era as bad. *But boxing seems* to sink low at times, and then it rejuvenates itself. Currently, that is just what is taking place in the heavyweight division—a revival.

You have to go back 10 years, if not more, to find as many talented young heavyweights as we have right now. I am sure that is because the opportunity for advancement is excellent—better than it has been since Floyd Patterson first won the title.

No matter what happens to the Clay-Terrell fight, Cassius is likely to be out of action for some time. This means we should hold a worldwide elimination tourney to settle upon an interim champion. (Terrell, unless he beats Clay, is not the world champion. He holds only the WBA crown, a limited title.) And a number of the young boys who fought last week figure to be in the tournament.

The young heavyweights already command more interest than the thin lot of old stale faces that have been around in the ratings for years and never were exciting to begin with. (The mail I get on Jerry Quarry is unbelievable.) In Tony Doyle, Jerry Quarry, Buster Mathis, Jim Woody, and Joe Frazier we have fighters with exciting talents. I don't think I have ever seen so many fast heavyweights.

But these fighters should be force-fed, instead of spoon-fed with a constant diet of soft touches, as some are today. The only way they will improve is by constantly taking on tougher opponents. This has been Quarry's brief history. Consistently he has been in against strong, capable opponents—and he looks it. I believe he is the best young fighter since Clay turned pro in 1960. His excellent showing against Tony Alongi is a good example of how Quarry is being brought along. Alongi was not a meaningless opponent. To the contrary, he had experience, talent and an excellent record. Quarry proved that he was unawed and that he should be bracketed with the better fighters. I feel he has now moved up to be a ranking fighter and he will be rated either ninth or 10th next month. It seems certain that it is only a matter of time before Quarry becomes a contender for the heavyweight title.

I say this of Quarry but not of Woody, even though his record is as good. Woody, too, has improved. He is punching sharper and putting combinations together, but he is not coming on fast enough. He lacks confidence and certainty in his style. He is being held back by a lack of work. At this point Jim Woody is in a class just beneath the ranking fighters. He can get ahead only if he gets tougher fights.

When I rate the fighters (we keep files, which we update constantly, on 4,000 of them), I place a great deal of emphasis on who the opponent was, where the fight was held and how the man won. I am not impressed by wins alone. I am concerned with the fighter's improvement, and that is the way the managers should think. This is an era of great talent and great opportunity, but both will be stifled unless the fighters and the fights are competitive.

PINK CHICKEN AND A BOLD DERBY

Buckpasser triumphed in a wild win, lose, win contest in the betless Flamingo at Hialeah before a booing audience, and Boldnesian confused the Kentucky future by beating Saber Mountain at Santa Anita **by WHITNEY TOWER**

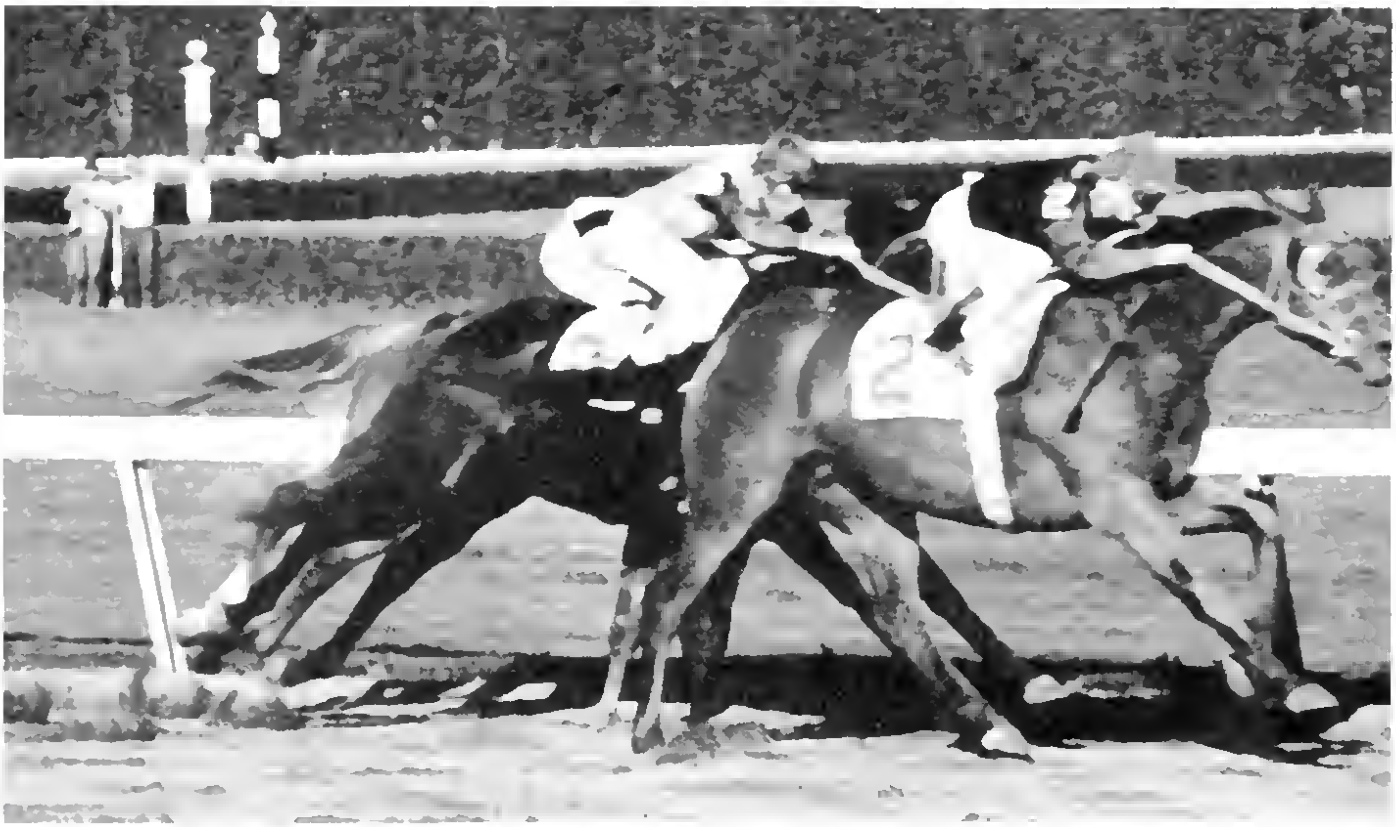
Until last week the country could boast of two winter racing centers that were both exquisitely beautiful and highly prestigious. Santa Anita, below the imposing San Gabriel Mountains near Los Angeles, and Hialeah, among tall, stately palms that have somehow survived the bulldozers on the outskirts of Miami, were designed, built and managed by men of vision who felt that racing fans should be allowed to bet on horses in a setting as luxurious and tasteful as possible.

Thoroughbreds from every leading stable vied for the rich purses of the winter season and, more often than not, the winner of the Kentucky Derby and other Triple Crown events gave advance notice of his classic potential by winning one or more of the traditional stakes that highlight the Santa Anita and Hialeah meetings. Horsemen from coast to coast gave their blessings to the two well-run plants, often by literally begging for stall space, and similar acceptance was granted by the social and glitter set, whose presence on big stakes days became important enough to be recorded on Sunday society pages, with pictures yet.

That was the happy scene for two U.S. tracks going into last week. And then there was one.

Within two days both tracks staged their respective *pièces de resistance* for 3-year-olds—the glamour division that runs the Triple Crown route. In California a crowd of 56,624 bet $790,511 on the 29th Santa Anita Derby and watched Bill Perry's Boldnesian upset undefeated Saber Mountain by two lengths in the respectable time of 1:48 2/5 for the mile-and-an-eighth. The bettors agreed: California will send a worthy representative (even if, like Saber Mountain, he is a Kentucky-bred) to Churchill Downs on May 7. The crowd was wrong. Boldnesian was one of two horses in the field of 12 who were not nominated for the Kentucky Derby. That was regrettable, but not by comparison with what took place in Florida.

At Hialeah a bitter and booing audience of 30,011 could not bet one legal penny on or against Ogden Phipps's 1965 2-year-old champion Buckpasser, as he nosed out Abe's Hope in the Flamingo to remain a narrow Kentucky Derby favorite. This shocking—and possibly even illegal—set of circumstances came about when Hialeah's top brass (Eugene Mori, *père et fils*, and Vice-President Walter Donovan) decided that since Buckpasser and his stablemate, Stupendous, were odds-on favorites to take it all in the Flamingo, as they had done the previous week in the Everglades, the resulting minus pool would be more than the track could bear. So, in brazen disregard of the sporting traditions that once gave Hialeah its class, and with regard only for their own profit-and-loss columns, it was decreed that



the Flamingo was to be run as a betless exhibition. And if the track owners made sure they were not going to lose money on the Flamingo, they also made sure they would pick up a few dollars elsewhere. They added another—an 11th—race to the card.

"The decision was made reluctantly," said Gene Mori Jr., the day before the Flamingo, "but we might lose between $50,000 and $100,000 if we permitted betting." Even when Mori Sr., on the day after what Red Smith called "The Pink Chicken," said, "Our decision was wrong," his much-too-late admission could not remedy the unhappy facts. Class at Hialeah had nose-dived to oblivion. The sport and its traditions (for instance, win betting was allowed on the Kentucky Derby in 1948 when the Calumet Farm entry of Citation and Coaltown was a prohibitive favorite in a six-horse field) suffered a loss of prestige. The conduct of racing in Florida, as currently sanctioned by the state's patsy racing commission, is in dire need of some strong character-building. But

continued

Buckpasser takes a solid lead (top) but Abe's Hope (extreme left, top) surges past him (middle) and opens up two big lengths only to lose by a nose as Buckpasser comes on again.

this time Hialeah got a million dollars' worth of publicity in one day—all of it bad.

What was good was the Flamingo itself. Buckpasser ran such a phenomenally weird race that, for a brief moment, the sour audience forgot to boo the management and gasped in disbelief as the son of Tom Fool turned in the most spectacular lunging finish since Nashua nipped Summer Tan in the 1955 Wood Memorial. Turn for Home and Stupendous led in the early stages, with Buckpasser in third place. Stupendous got to the front but then simply quit near the head of the stretch, apparently leaving the race to Buckpasser. It was a situation that nobody really wanted. Bill Shoemaker did not want Buckpasser to go to the front that early because of his tendency to loaf once he gets there, and Abe's Hope, who likes to run from way out of it, abruptly came up from eighth in a big move which for him was really premature. And yet, once this awkward situation was forced upon them, Buckpasser suddenly was out in front and, just as suddenly, Abe's Hope was flying by on the outside to open up nearly two lengths.

Eddie Neloy, Buckpasser's trainer, shouted up the track, "Hold on for second, Shoe," figuring all was lost. Neloy said later, "Inside the eighth pole we were two lengths out of it, and we were still one length out with 70 yards to go. I absolutely gave up on him."

"So did I, just about," admitted Shoe, "but to come on again the way he did he must have tremendous ability and courage." The crowd wanted to cheer, but resumed booing when the photo showed that Buckpasser and not Abe's Hope had put his nose across the line first. No smiling politicians appeared on the scene to present the Flamingo trophy to Owner Phipps; instead the task fell to Bing Crosby, who laughed back at the snarlers and crooned, "I guess Bob Hope must have hired this crowd."

But if Buckpasser was, finally, the best in the Flamingo, he can hardly afford to run the same way against a really top horse. "He'd never win a Kentucky Derby like this," said one voice of experience. "His also-rans today are just average horses. If Graustark went by him while he was loafing there'd be five lengths of daylight, not two, and Buckpasser would never make that up."

Blue Skyer, who finished third, a little more than two lengths back, was one of the average horses Buckpasser beat (the time, incidentally, was an unimpressive 1:50 for the mile-and-an-eighth). A year ago he would not have been within 10 lengths of Buckpasser. And yet, if Blue Skyer ran his race, it must mean that Buckpasser definitely did not run his. Why not? There could be a number of explanations. One is a suspicious knee that has been with

continued

In the Santa Anita Derby, Boldnesian (in blinkers, center) maintains his two-length lead through the stretch over favored Saber Mountain (left).

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Buckpasser throughout his career. It may be hurting him enough to make him want to loaf after taking the lead. Another theory—to which Trainer Neloy does not subscribe—is that if Buckpasser is a difficult colt to handle under a sustained drive he may need a stronger and somewhat more forceful jockey than the light-handed and relaxed Shoemaker. For the time being, however, the only change to be made will be one of tactics. "I think," said Shoe, "that next time we'll have to take ahold of Buckpasser coming out of the gate instead of running him up near the pace. Take him way back, and let him make just one move. But it sure has to be timed right."

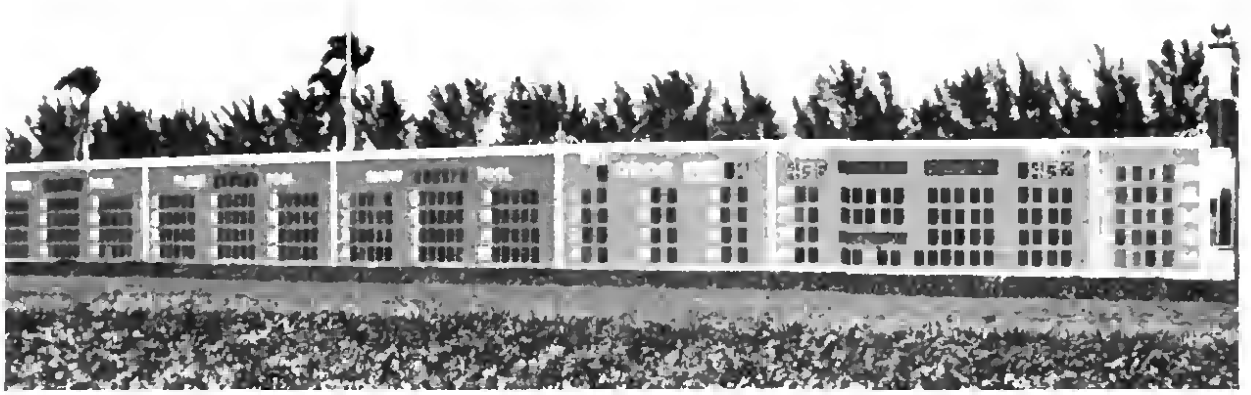
Boldnesian's victory 3,000 miles away in the Santa Anita Derby was achieved with far more facility, and it is indeed a shame that he must now wait until the Preakness (for which he may be made a supplementary nomination) or the Belmont for a chance to lay claim to the 3-year-old championship, though his victory was not without a certain amount of racing luck—good luck for him and bad luck for Saber Mountain.

At the start the long shot Ri Tux moved into a clear lead, but Shoemaker, who was on Saber Mountain in this race, used his whip and put him right up there in good tracking position. Wally Blum broke Boldnesian with the pack and had him snugly along the rail, but behind three horses, as the field raced up the backstretch. When Ri Tux tired nearing the half-mile pole, he drifted out ever so slightly. Blum had a split-second decision to make, and he didn't muff it. He drove Boldnesian into the hole on the rail and, as he did so, and while Ri Tux was still drifting out, Saber Mountain was carried out even farther. This loss of ground certainly did not help him, but even when he did make his run at Boldnesian he never had the look of a winner. Of course, Blum had had to make *his* move before he wanted to, but it paid off. As he said later, "My colt took on new life once he went on through. He must be a good one, though he's still green."

Owner Perry and Trainer Jim Maloney agree with Blum that they may have something pretty good in Boldnesian and both of them, considering that neither has ever started a horse in the Kentucky Derby, are plagued by regrets that they did not bother to post a paltry $100 (their Santa Anita Derby winning pot was $96,900) to get in the Derby before nominations closed Feb. 15. "To tell you the truth," said Perry, "by Feb. 15, Boldnesian had won only one maiden race and one six-furlong allowance race. You don't consider you have a Derby horse off that record. On Feb. 19, four days after the Kentucky deadline, we won a mile-and-a-sixteenth race by 10 lengths, and I started kicking myself." Perry's partner and a half owner of Boldnesian is Arthur B. (Bull) Hancock, master of Claiborne Farm in Kentucky. Informed that Boldnesian was not in the Kentucky Derby, Bull roared, "I'd like to kick that Perry, too, but good."

Saber Mountain, in view of his racing luck, was not disgraced, but he definitely lost some of his following. Shoemaker, who is not willing to give up on him, said later, "Saber Mountain probably is just as good as Buckpasser but, like him, he wants to loaf in his races." Charlie Whittingham, who trains Saber Mountain for Oilman Howard Keck, is not dismayed either. "They ran it in 1:48 2/5, and it's no disgrace to get beat in that kind of time," he said. "And remember, if Boldnesian hadn't gotten through when Ri Tux came out he'd have had nowhere to go, and he might not have finished better than fourth. Saber Mountain is still a good horse." Hirsch Jacobs' Exhibitionist was a fast-finishing third, beaten only a neck by Saber Mountain, and may be a fair sort at that. Nothing much can be said of the others, at least on this day, since such potentially good colts as Advocator and Hill Clown finished back in the pack with no apparent excuses. At Louisville the California folks had better stick with Saber Mountain.

The whole Kentucky Derby picture seems just as confused as it was before the hectic week began. John Galbreath's unbeaten Graustark started galloping again in Miami and is scheduled for three pre-Derby starts at Keeneland in April, but neither his owner nor his trainer, Lloyd Gentry, can tell how quickly he will return to top form. Still, unless Graustark shows that he has not recovered from his recent bruise, he is the colt Buckpasser and Saber Mountain must beat in Louisville. If any or all of them falter, 1966 may be the year for the fillies. Moccasin and Priceless Gem (who beat Buckpasser in last fall's Futurity at Aqueduct) are both among the nominations, and both will be ready. Neither is likely to tolerate a colt who wants to stop to court or sightsee at the head of the Churchill Downs stretch. **END**



An unhappy sight for Hialeah bettors just before post time for the Flamingo was this empty tote board, result of a bad management decision.

EENY, MEENY, MINEY, MO . . .

Without a defending champion, an unbeaten team or a solid favorite in sight, the big boys of college basketball begin their annual two-week rumble to determine the national championship ***by FRANK DEFORD***

The mischievous spirits that laugh at the hopes of mortal men completed their work for the basketball season last week. All the unbeaten teams in the land —all three of them—were conquered on the same day. Tennessee beat Kentucky and Seattle beat Texas Western, and the spell was just as potent among the small colleges as Cheyney (Pa.) State fell to Long Island University.

Only for Cheyney, however, was the blow fatal. It ended Cheyney's season. For the Wildcats and the Miners there is now the new season, the NCAA tournament, which this time appears to be as wide open as any in recent years. Considering what looms ahead for college basketball—three seasons of Lew Alcindor at UCLA—it is safe to say that this is also going to be the most wide-open for years to come. For losers this time, tomorrow is four years away. This is the Tournament of the Last Chance.

Despite the loss to Tennessee, Kentucky's overall performance makes the Wildcats a slight favorite. The team reached a peak when it clobbered Vanderbilt a month ago, and the letdown that followed is perfectly natural. Kentucky is at its best when it can move, open up the court and thereby bring opponents down to its size. Since none of the teams that Kentucky will play in the Midcast uses anything approximating the methodical Tennessee game, it should seem like Springtime in the Bluegrass when the Wildcats get a chance to frisk again.

The most significant aspect of the Tennessee-Kentucky game was not the score but the rebounding figures. Tennessee carried the boards 43–31. There is hardly a team in the NCAA field that is not a good-shooting outfit. Since everyone, therefore, is more or less neutralized in this department, the tournament should be won by the team that can also control the rebounds and handle the ball against pressure defenses. Duke, for instance, won the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament last Saturday from North Carolina State on the strength of its rebounding. "We'll take it *inside* to win this tournament," said Chuck Daly, the Duke assistant, before the game.

But the Blue Devils were woefully limp-fingered against State's press, and they cannot expect to win against a team like St. Joseph's unless they move the ball better against such a defense. Similarly, small teams like St. Joe's, Kentucky and Loyola of Chicago will have to put together good board games to match their speed and ball handling or they will not last the round.

In a field so balanced, individual match-ups will take on an importance that is usually found only on the pro level. Michigan, for example, should be less of a problem for Kentucky than for Loyola. The Wildcats have a big, strong defensive guard, Tommy Kron, to square off against Cazzie Russell, but Loyola does not.

The most interesting duels should develop in the pivot, either among the few teams that have outstanding centers, or when a team without one has to contain a good, big man. If their teams qualify to meet each other, these three battles underneath should be most entertaining and possibly the conclusive element in each game: Mike Lewis, Duke vs. Cliff Anderson, St. Joe's; Walt Wesley, Kansas vs. Jim Ware, Oklahoma City; Elvin Hayes, Houston vs. Keith Swagerty, Pacific.

Three teams have the significant advantage of being blessed with quality centers in reserve. This makes these clubs much less vulnerable to a rebounding or defensive collapse because of foul trouble. Duke has Warren Chapman be-

continued

1966 NCAA Title Draw

EAST REGIONALS

ST. JOSEPH'S
Blacksburg, Va., March 7
PROVIDENCE

DUKE
Raleigh, N.C., March 11

RHODE ISLAND
Blacksburg, Va., March 7
DAVIDSON

Raleigh, N.C., March 12

Raleigh, N.C., March 11
SYRACUSE

SEMIFINALS
College Park, Md., March 18

MIDEAST REGIONALS

MIAMI OF OHIO
Kent, Ohio, March 7
DAYTON

KENTUCKY
Iowa City, Iowa, March 11

Iowa City, Iowa, March 12

WESTERN KENTUCKY
Kent, Ohio, March 7
LOYOLA OF CHICAGO

Iowa City, Iowa, March 11
MICHIGAN

FINALS
College Park, Md., March 19

MIDWEST REGIONALS

TEXAS WESTERN
Wichita, March 7
OKLAHOMA CITY

CINCINNATI
Lubbock, Texas, March 11

Lubbock, Texas, March 12

SMU
Lubbock, Texas, March 11
Big Eight Winner

SEMIFINALS
College Park, Md., March 18

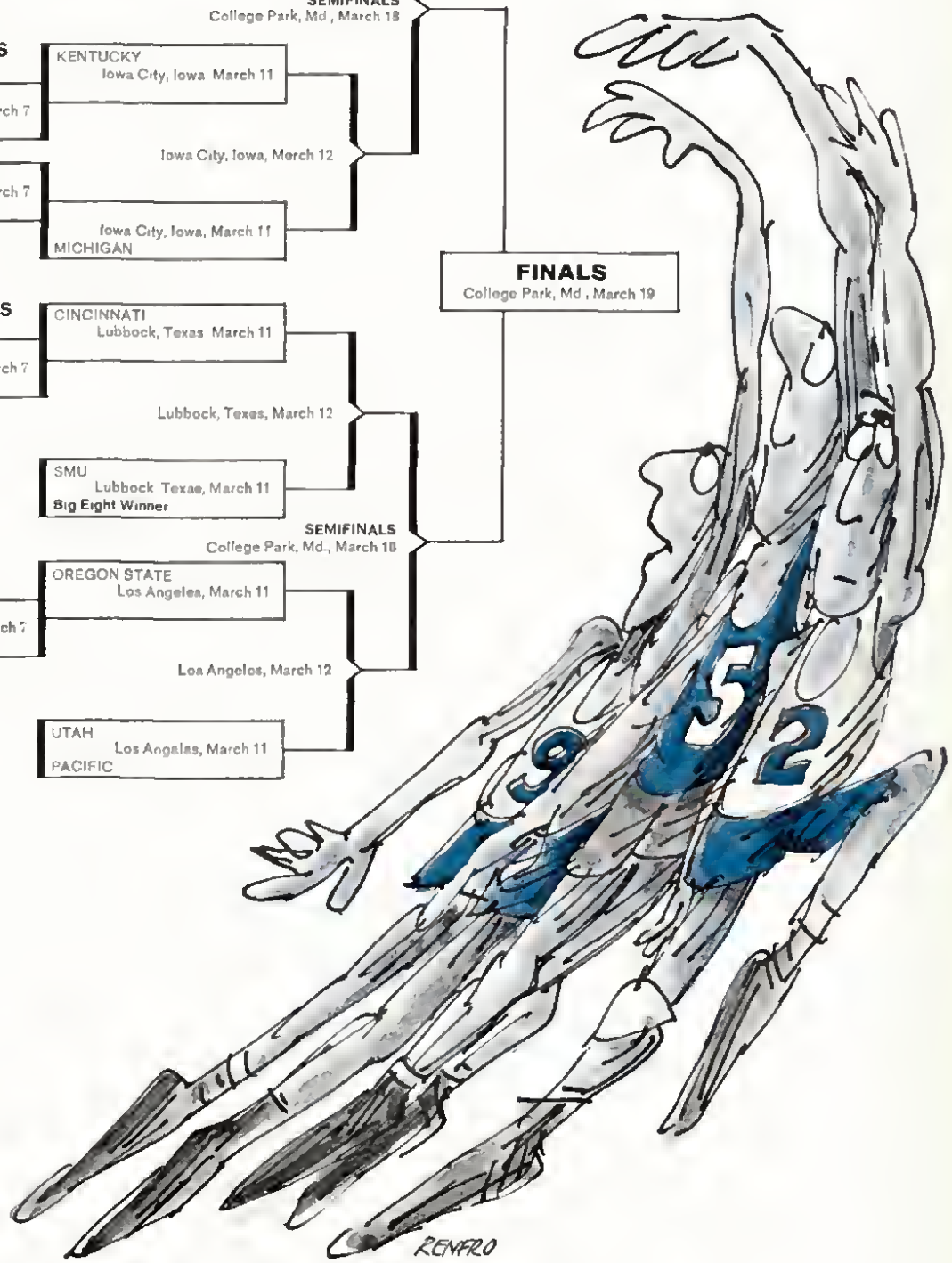
WEST REGIONALS

HOUSTON
Wichita, March 7
COLORADO STATE

OREGON STATE
Los Angeles, March 11

Los Angeles, March 12

UTAH
Los Angeles, March 11
PACIFIC



hind Lewis, Kentucky has Cliff Berger behind Thad Jaracz, and Kansas has a sophomore who may be the best alternate in the whole tourney field—Rod Bohnenstiehl, who can relieve either Wesley or one of the forwards. Conversely, teams like Providence, St. Joe's, Davidson, Western Kentucky, Oklahoma City, Pacific and Oregon State may be eliminated chiefly because they have such weak benches.

Four teams also possess the single, extraordinary individual who has the potential to dominate both his team and the tournament the way Bill Bradley did last year. Russell, of course, is in a class by himself, and despite the tough draw in the Mideast, it would be no surprise if he singlehandedly took Michigan to the finals in College Park next week. In the East, Jim Walker of Providence, Dave Bing of Syracuse and Dick Snyder of Davidson also could carry off such a coup. Walker's job would be the most difficult, because three top-10 teams—Providence, St. Joe's and Duke—are all in the same half of the draw.

Following is a closer look at each of the Regionals and the teams that have the best chance to move on to College Park:

THE MIDWEST. Kansas is the best bet to make it to College Park. The Jayhawks could be upset by Oklahoma City's shooting, by Texas Western's defense or by the better-rounded game of Cincinnati, but these prospects are unlikely. Kansas has not lost since January 18 and since Guard Jo-Jo White became eligible on February 12 it has outscored the opposition by a cool 30 points a game.

SCORING IN WIN OVER NIAGARA, ALL-AMERICA DAVE BING LEADS TEAM IN NCAAS

Kansas: White, a strong, sure backcourt man, has made over the team. "A team can play to an offense or out of it," Coach Ted Owens says, meaning within the limits of set plays or with many options. "With Jo-Jo, we play out of it." Del Lewis, who is also a dangerous outside shooter, gives Kansas another nimble ball handler. The team was routed by UCLA's press in December, but it is doubtful any press could accomplish that now. White's presence has allowed Al Lopes to move to forward, and now Kansas has speed to go with muscle up front. Rod Franz is a good shot out of the other corner, and in the middle is All-America Walt Wesley. Wesley has been rebounding aggressively recently, and is more relaxed since some of the burden of scoring has been lifted from his shoulders. Kansas has fallen into periods of listless play, often at the start of a game, and the caliber of its opposition has not been the highest. Jayhawk opponents have won only 48% of their games, while Cincinnati's opponents, for example, have won 57%. But Kansas has had enough tough games to be ready for anything at Lubbock.

THE EAST. If St. Joe's can get by Providence, the Hawks will meet Duke on Friday night in the game that should determine the Regional winner, Bing and Snyder notwithstanding. Both Duke and St. Joe's are playing comeback after midseason slumps. Duke has an advantage in that the Regionals are in Raleigh (just down the road from Durham), where the Blue Devils won the ACC tournament last week.

Duke: Seventh in the country in shooting, third in rebounding, the Blue Devils are the only team to make the top 10 in both categories. Lewis, the tough sophomore center, gives Duke the muscle that it lacked last season. Vic Bubas has done a fine job of molding this team in the face of personality conflicts, particularly the one involving the two All-Americas, Forward Jack Marin and Guard Bob Verga. Verga returned from a two-game suspension for curfew violations recently, and he and Marin are now patting each other on the back during games for the first time. Both are outstanding, dedicated players. Verga is accused of shooting too much and he does put them up from way out—but they go in 48% of the time and he never shoots when a teammate is open. Steve Vacendak, the

continued

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other guard, is the team leader, a tenacious defender and a superb performer under pressure. Bob Riedy, a dependable fifth man, had a good ACC tournament, and the subs are pretty reliable.

St. Joseph's: The Hawks have no height, and only one man (Chuck McKenna) on the bench, but the team is going again now that Matt Guokas has recovered from a lingering virus that knocked 15 pounds off his skin and bones and finally put him in the hospital. Guokas is still the best passer in college. The team runs into cold shooting nights on the road, but sometimes the touch comes back when the pressing, switching defenses start paying off at the other end.

THE MIDEAST. Three of the nation's top 10 are here, too, and this Regional has the best nicknames of all: the Flyers, Ramblers and Hilltoppers, all awfully sporty. Still, the smallish Wildcats appear the best, although Kentucky might come up with a complex if it faces Loyola in the finals. Loyola is one team that is smaller than Kentucky. Doug Wardlaw, for example, played forward most of the year, and he's 5 feet 11. Both little teams are big scorers, and so is Michigan, a team that has closed very well after a rocky start. Dayton is capable of an upset, and so is Western Kentucky, which is rated the best team to come out of the Ohio Valley Conference in years.

Kentucky: Lack of size remains the only discernible weakness on a smooth, quick team of outstanding shooters. All along, however, there has been speculation about what a loss would do to the team's morale. Dayton, with 6-foot-11 Henry Finkel and 6-foot-4 sophomore Don May, will probably have the chance to provide a good answer this Friday night.

Loyola: Coach George Ireland gives this team a 3-to-1 edge over his 1963 champs. "It's faster, we have a better bench and they're better shooters. But it can't muscle like the other team," Ireland says. Billy Smith, tallest at 6 feet 5, is a strong pivot with good inside moves and a textbook hook shot. Frank Perez is an inch smaller, but jumps center. He is only recently back in the starting lineup, much improved defensively but he still shoots a bit too much. The other forward is Corky Bell, 6 feet 2, an excellent all-round player who seems as relaxed as a pro. Wardlaw teams with Jim Coleman, a service veteran, in the backcourt. Coleman directs the team and though not

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as good a shot as some of the others he has the hands and body control for deceptive drives. Though Loyola is outrebounded in an astonishing number of games, nobody is too worried. The Ramblers make enough steals to offset what they lose on the boards.

FAR WEST. This Regional is so weak that a ringer has the best chance. The University of Houston is 1,500 miles from Los Angeles, farther than any other team from its regional site. In addition, the NCAA selection committee—lacking, perhaps, a 1.6 in geography—sent the Cougars to L.A. by way of Wichita, where first they had to meet Colorado State. But Houston's toughest test should come Friday night against Oregon State, in a match between the most completely contrasting styles this side of Wall Street. The Cougars, strictly bullish, average 100 points, up 1½ over the previous high. Oregon State, bearish all year, has limited opponents to 54 points a game, the best defensive record in the country. The winner of this semifinal probably will face Utah, though the Redskins lost any real chance for national honors when 6-foot-7 George Fisher broke his leg in a recent game. He will be missed especially on defense, because he would have drawn Pacific's horse, 6-foot-7, 235-pound Keith Swagerty, in the opening game, and Houston's superb sophomore, Elvin Hayes, in a Houston-Utah final.

Houston: Hayes, 6 feet 8, strong and quick, is the big threat. He is fifth in the country in rebounds (Pacific's Swagerty is third) and seventh in scoring. He appears to sulk a bit when he does not get the ball, and that is always a possibility, since senior Guard Joe Hamood guns when the mood hits him. Often it does. The Cougars play shoot-'em-up, but do not have a very strong team defense. If they get cold, their whole game tends to collapse.

Oregon State: The Beavers have little height—Center Ed Fredenburg is the tallest at 6 feet 6—little depth and, really, no abundance of talent. But they are patient enough to drive any opponent into errors. And if they get ahead—everybody go home. The Beavers pass and pass and pass and pass until exactly the shot they want materializes. They don't rattle. "You can't coach for the fan in the 20th row or for your wife," Coach Paul Valenti says in defense of his system. As gritty as Oregon State is, however, it would not have won the AAWU if UCLA had not been decimated by injuries. And it is just everybody's bad luck in the West that this year the NCAA decided to ship in some young hotshots from L.B.J. land.

In this year before Alcindor, everyone eligible is perfectly delighted to be in the tournament because of the well-balanced field. Certainly, no one is taking any of the opposition lightly. That lesson was learned last year in the Eastern Regional when Providence won Friday night and, figuring it had a soft touch the next evening, proceeded to cut down the nets as a token of the victory. Providence lost the next night 109–69. **END**

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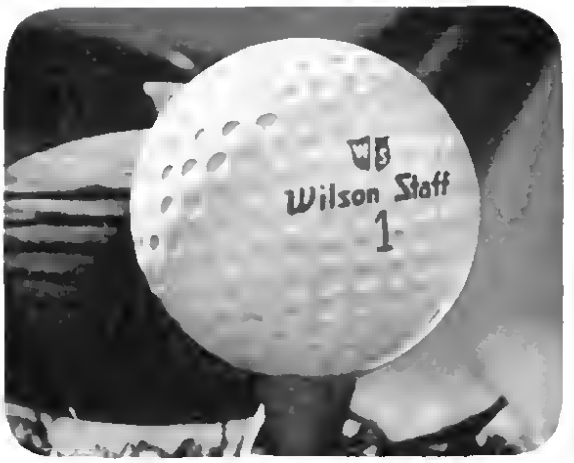

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

VERO: BASEBALL BY THE NUMBERS

It is fact-facing time at Vero Beach. Short days ago it was a bright new spring on the Los Angeles Dodgers' proving grounds behind the old Navy barracks, and all things seemed possible. For a precious little while the undersized sandlotter in the oversized shirt could be one with Pete Reiser, who came down the road so many, many bright springs ago, carrying glove and spikes like a bum's bindle, and sold a million-dollar ballplayer for a hundred bucks. For a day or two each pitch loomed big and juicy as the grapefruit on the trees out front, and the $9 shoes were seven-league boots. Then, gradually, the crisp crack of the bat became a clunk. Line drives up the alley become ground balls to the second baseman as little flaws made the little differences that make the big difference. Elderly coaches touched young shoulders and said quiet words. In 10 days the new spring had grown old.

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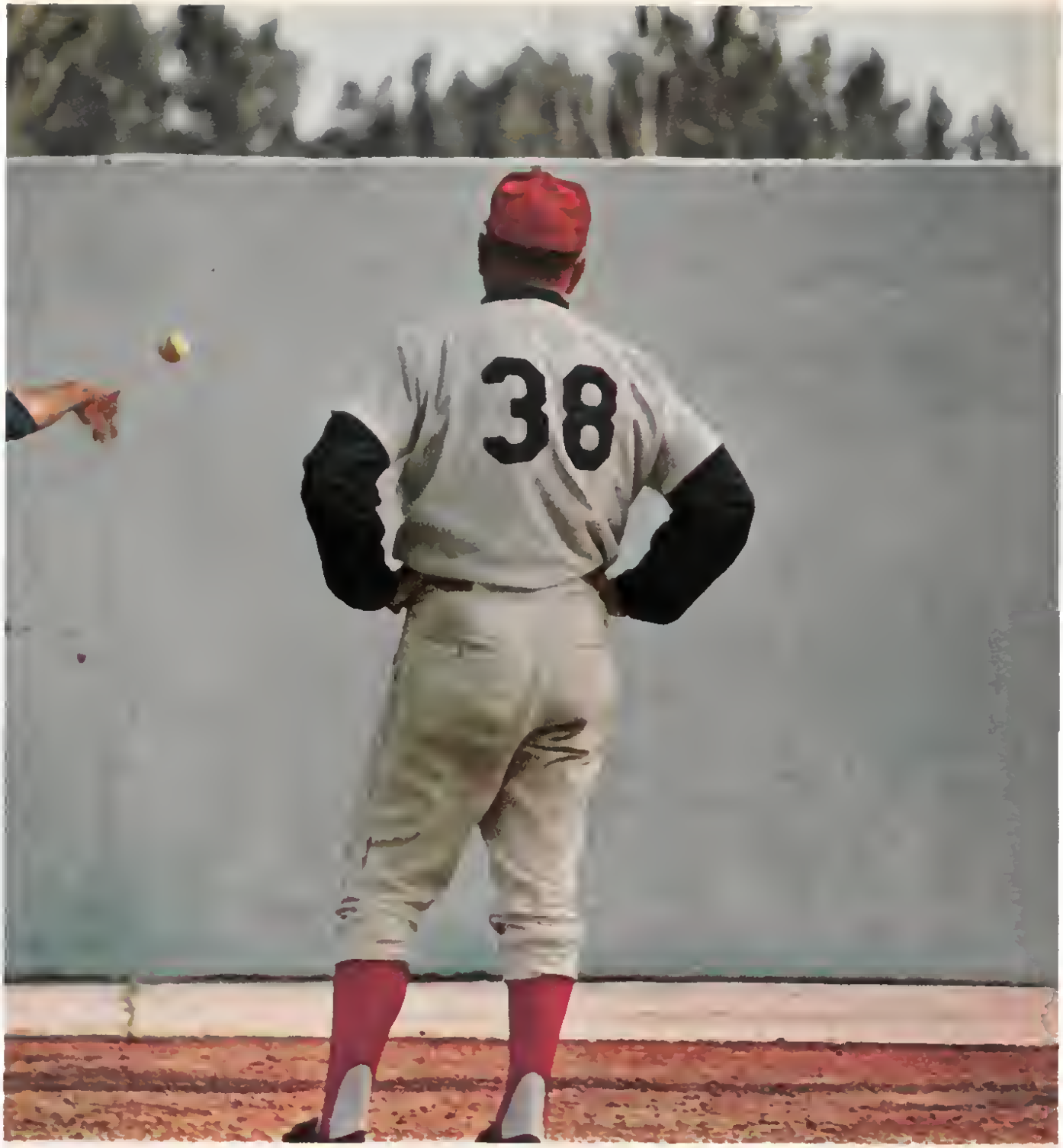
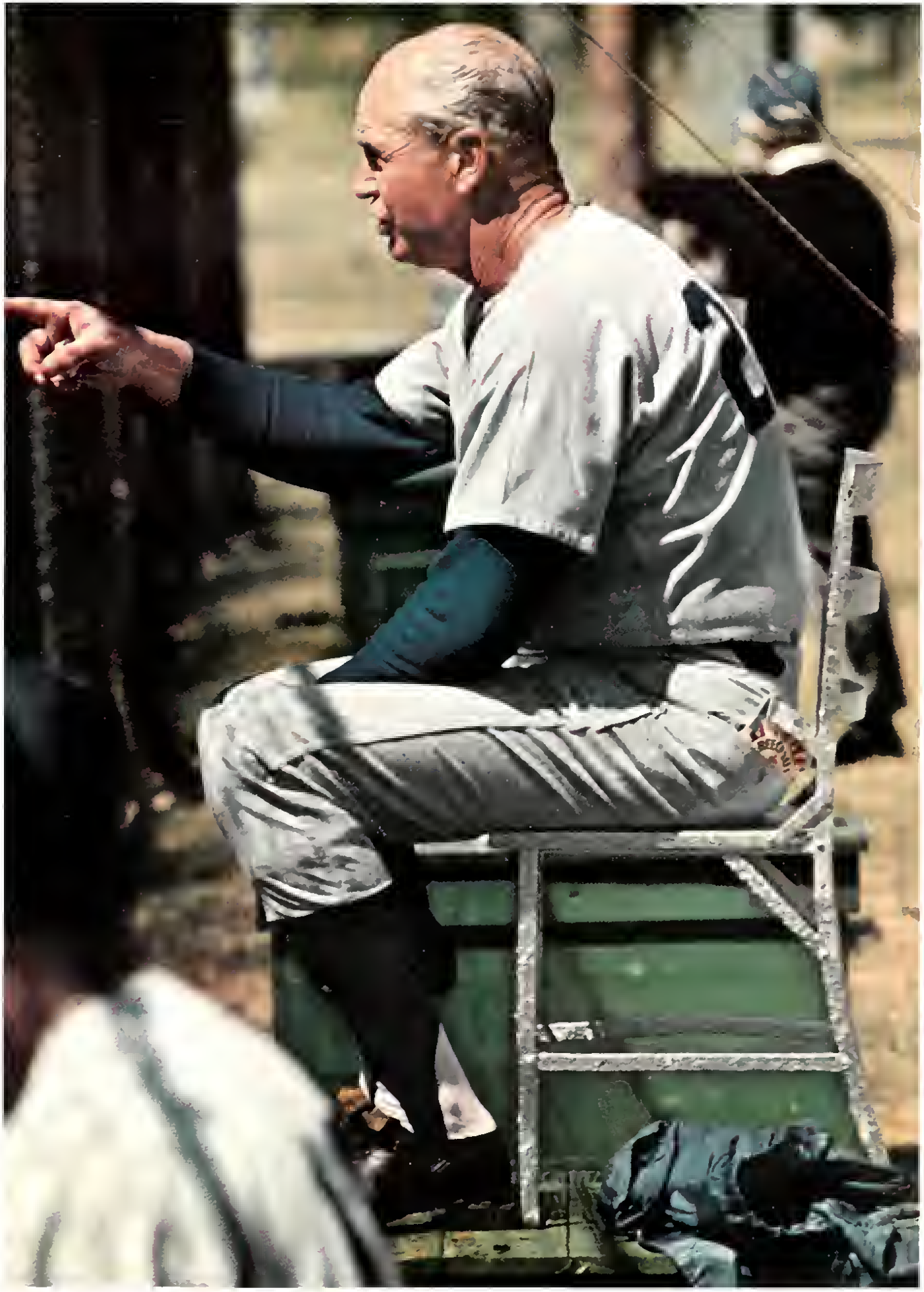


They say The Strings are the same size as the strike zone, but they aren't happy if you don't hit the bottom strand. ("A guy said Sandy Koufax couldn't find The Strings—some old catcher used to warm him up with shin guards on.") Always keep a bat handy, because it might be your turn to hit, and it might be your only chance. Oh, stickball. I thought those things were handball courts.

Well, Iron Mike don't really throw a changeup, but he sure gives you a lot of motion. And he's wild. That's embarrassing, to get knocked down by a pitching machine. I hope the old man wasn't watching. Is he here to watch me? Naw, I guess he just wanted someplace to sit down. Meet the ball. Just meet the ball. Boy, I coulda hit that one downtown. Wait on the pitch. Hit down on the ball. They like that. Whaddesay? Me? Yeah, me. He is watching me. Shorten the stride, yes sir. How can I go to right field when the damned thing jammed me?



What is this, the Olympics? Run, run. Who said you had to run to be a catcher, for God's sake? Ptoo. A hundred years people been working up strawberries learning the hook slide, and these guys want you to belly whop. "You get there quicker." Yeah, you get more dirt in your teeth, too. Run, run. I can't see, but first base ought to be about here. Or pretty soon, anyway.

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MEASURING UP FOR A GAME OF INCHES

They were going to make Edwin D. Snider a great hitter if it killed him, and it was killing him. For more than an hour he had stood in the batting cage, flexing his 21-year-old muscles, and just watched as pitch after pitch, from pitcher after pitcher, went by. "Strike," he would growl, grinding the bat into his left shoulder. "Ball," corrected George Sisler, in the chair of hitting behind the cage. This was the spring of 1948 and the Vero Beach faculty had decided that future box scores out of Ebbets Field would say "Snider, cf." But not now. He had a natural swing, to be sure, but he needed an unnatural acquaintance with the strike zone. So he was sent to Professor Sisler's remedial-reading class. "Ball?" "No, strike."

On another of the several diamonds behind the gloomy old barracks, Professor Branch Rickey was interviewing a student pitcher, asking silly questions. "This how you grip the ball for your curve? Are you married? Why aren't you?" What the hell did he care? He didn't. As he talked, Rickey was manipulating the fingers on the ball. Searching his mind for an attitude toward matrimony, the recruit was changing his grip for the curve.

When a coach with a clipboard blew a whistle, the young pitcher and the rest of Unit B would move to Diamond 3 for a lecture on the balk rule. At length Snider would stomp angrily off to rejoin Unit A in the sliding pit—or was it Unit D for the 60-yard dash?

The strong, eager, awkward young men were bored by the nit-picking curriculum of Vero Beach. When Duke Snider's hair had turned to silver and the Mobil station behind Bedford Avenue had been declared a disaster area, it still bored him. If the by-the-numbers procedure became less mechanistic after Rickey's departure, it became more exacting. In that première season of 1948 Vero Beach accommodated 550 players and impostors; this year, with the minor leagues diminished unto the point of Walter O'Malley's tears, the whistles blew for only 200. Thus the teacher-pupil ratio is the better to see you with, my child.

And the 200 grumbled. If you didn't know the fundamentals, you wouldn't be in a big-league camp, right? So what's this this-is-a-baseball jazz? This place is like a concentration camp, anyway.

The prototypal attitude toward Vero Beach was established by the attitudinous Mr. Leo Durocher. In that spring of 1948 the flowers reappeared on the earth and the voice of The Lip was heard in Indian River County saying, "The hell with this." Back as Dodger manager, after the year's exile Happy Chandler had imposed upon him for being Leo Durocher, he found things changed. The Dodgers had taken over this slightly used naval base at Vero Beach, which in those days was the kind of place they put military bases, and all hands would be billeted in drafty, drab-green wooden barracks.

Moreover, Mr. Rickey had decreed, all hands, from Class D outfielders to the dandy little manager, would carry trays on the chow line. With clear blue eye, Durocher perceived a New Frontier of Togetherness. Within minutes, Leo and his bride were resident in a civilized motel on the beach. A practitioner of victory with finished players, he was never much interested in their beginnings. He would see them later.

The fundamentalist method of Vero is dull, even to watch. But it may be a clue to understanding the implausible success of the patchwork Dodgers of 1959 and the short-ball specialists of 1963 and 1965, teams that "made errors but not mistakes." To say those great battles of the National League were won on the playing fields of Vero would be oversimplifying, but by how much? If baseball is truly a game of inches, they first put the calipers on it at Vero Beach in the spring of 1948, after Rickey decided the game was not as inexact a science as those who practiced it badly believed.

With the Socratic approach he used so well when it suited his purpose, Rickey proposed to inquire if baseball were not a game of axioms, largely untested. Probably some contemporary of Cap Anson theorized that right-angle turns were a quicker way around the bases than the great circle route, or that the hook slide was, *literally*, a waste of time. But nobody before Rickey approached those matters with stopwatch and tape measure, meticulously charting and analyzing the findings.

Neither had anyone organized a baseball organization to the IBM extreme, as it was under one big, happy tent at Vero. If the system worked, Pee Wee Reese and the shortstop of the Ponca City, Okla., farm team would approach a low-hit ground ball in the same way —the Dodger way.

The system did work. Mr. Rickey projected five pennants in the next 10 years, and that's what happened. One must "have the horses," an unquestioned axiom says. Does one? If the 1953 Dodgers was a juggernaut, the 1965 vehicle was a flivver, and it got there just the same. It has been 10 years since a Dodger team scared anybody, but they still make everybody nervous.

Last May Day, when everybody was saying there was no way the Dodgers could win, Manager Walter Alston was explaining the one way they could. They would, he said, "have to do every damned little thing you can think of."

And, it was implicit, a lot of damned little things you don't even think of, because they were the boring little things they taught at that concentration camp at Vero Beach.

—JACK MANN

Today they post The List of the squad that's going to play in Miami. Don't run to look at it, that would be bush. If you ain't on it, they could be keeping you here for a longer look. Yeah—it could be all she wrote, too.

In Los Angeles, Union Pacific loads a 22-car train with skiers, dancers and lovers and then aims the whole

WILD WATUSI WEEKEND ON THE

They started dancing as soon as the train pulled out of the station, jumping up and down through Pomona, while Trombonist Lloyd Ulyate blew chorus after chorus of *A Taste of Honey*. Their dance hall was a converted baggage car, with a small bandstand and a bar, and a wire-mesh fence was locked across the open doors so they wouldn't Watusi overboard. On either side of it was a lounge car, each with its own bar. Already both were filled with people, all of them swaying with the train, their Bloody Marys sloshing in their paper cups. There was chuckwagon buffet service in two stand-up dining cars, huge cans of free ice cubes and paper cups spotted in the vestibules between the cars. There were 314 men and 223 women. The girls were all stunning—in sweaters and stretch pants—because there are no ugly girls aboard the Snowball Special, the last of the great ski trains.

Union Pacific's Snowball—26 happy, headachy hours from Los Angeles to Sun Valley, Idaho—is a Stutz Bearcat in the age of supersonic aircraft. In a time when rail travel is dead it is the liveliest thing on wheels. And any skier who would fly is out of the contest.

The Snowball was sold out (it is always sold out) three days after Union Pacific simply whispered on one radio spot, "There will be a Snowball Special to Sun Valley January 8," and southern California skiers came running, money in their hands. As little as $154 would guarantee them a week of wonderful mayhem, lifts and lessons at Sun Valley. But, most of all, a chance to get on that train.

In the old days when the train was new, back in January 1958, Union Pacific promoted it vigorously. On the first two trips there was free beer for anyone stout enough to drink it and spend those wracking hours in sit-up coach cars. But every trip since that time has grown more expensive, more exclusive. Wilder.

On the first of two Specials of 1966 —the other goes this week—the Snowballers came spilling into downtown Los Angeles at 7 a.m., materializing out of the early haze at Union Pacific's haciendalike station carrying luggage, skis, boots and poles and wearing fat, padded parkas in the morning sun. The ski club from Downey, most of them escapees from aero-space plants, took up one entire coach car and overflowed into another. They rallied, yelling, "Charge!" Many were in cowboy hats, and all wore new sweatshirts stenciled "Car 4."

By 11 a.m. the train had rolled quietly out of town, through the city scrapyards and across freeway bridges, where

shebang at Sun Valley, 1,100 miles away

by BOB OTTUM

SNOWBALL SPECIAL

California's morning traffic was locked in tight, shining rows. More skiers climbed aboard at Riverside, some carrying buckets of martinis on their shoulders, and the train slid along the valley floor, pacing the mountains to San Bernardino before swinging north.

Pianist Dave Grusin, a thoughtful, introspective man with sideburns, let the band take its first break and observed over a morning beer: "Have you ever seen anything swing like this before noon? It's a long way to Sun Valley, but time seems to have stopped in here. The whole thing is upside down. Those people dancing—they're wild."

By noon Grusin, Bass Man Joe Mondragon and Guitarist John Martizia were swinging along, composing—on the spot—a hammering, rock 'n' roll tune called *The Snowball Special*, with Ulyate filling in the bridges with pieces of the Stanford Fight Song, *Summertime* and tunes from *My Fair Lady*.

"You guys," said a little blonde accusingly, her stretch pants quivering with indignation, "are *improvising*, that's what you are doing." Then she softened. "But are you ever good," she said.

But the entire train—22 cars long, chuffing into the foothills toward Las Vegas—was good. There were Union Pacific name tags for everyone—jot down your name, pin it on your sweater. It didn't mean a thing. The names were assumed. How many guys do you know named Erick Violence? It all was in the daylight, with the mesquite outside and no sign of snow in the rolling desert, a scene of rattling surrealism.

Back at Los Angeles headquarters, Union Pacific's Assistant Traffic Manager N.E. Luthi had explained it. "When all this began in 1958," he said, "Union Pacific owned Sun Valley, and we were interested, of course, in keeping the place full. Sun Valley was rather hard to get to—it has always been hard to get to—and we heard that in January the place was sitting half empty.

"Several of our people were in on planning the first Snowball Special. We got up the idea, went out and knocked on ski-club doors and sold it. We ran just one train the first year. By the next year the word was out, and we ran two—one in January, one in March. We have been running two a year ever since. This is the 16th Special. And if Sun Valley could hold more people we'd run more Specials."

As it was, the January train was long—a heavy train for the run. Twenty-two cars is not long for a freight, but passenger cars run to 85 feet compared to just 44 feet for most boxcars. Then there was the problem of feeding that many people. Oldtime dining cars would be too slow, so Luthi came up with the idea of installing chuckwagon buffet cars, letting the skiers pick up trays of food, then eat anywhere on the train from their laps. It worked. It was beautiful; there is now a trail of trays running from Yermo, Calif. to Shoshone, Idaho.

Luthi made up January's train with a dormitory car behind the engine (to which the hired help could escape), two coaches, a chuckwagon car, four more coaches, a bar car, then the swinging rumpus car—in the middle of the train—backed up by another bar car, four coaches, another buffet diner, four sleepers and the two baggage cars.

The lurching walk from one end of the train to the other, with the train winging along at speeds of up to 70 miles an hour, could take a social hour or more through a jungle of legs in the aisles, through knots of little parties, over empty champagne bottles clinking around on the floor, through some of history's great, dramatic love scenes being played out along the way. There was a crap-game roadblock in one of the lounge cars where the walkers had to detour, climbing up over four overstuffed easy chairs and across the bent shoulders of several people to get to the bar.

Some men with business suits and steely, sober eyes stood out starkly in the setting. They were Union Pacific executives assigned to guard the train to make certain all the cars were still hooked up after every stop. But Jack Ramsey, who

continued

was to the Snowball Special what Ward Bond was to *Wagon Train*, took it all in low-keyed stride.

"Don't be fooled by a rolling, 22-car party," said Ramsey. "This is not the world's biggest sanctioned wingding. If this were taking place in a private room at the Waldorf-Astoria you wouldn't notice it as much. It is the setting. Remember that this is a ski train, and skiers are a gregarious bunch.

"Most of these people, these skiers, are in the same age bracket—from their mid-20s to mid-30s. The quieter ones among them have private bedrooms toward the back. Those who want to play their way to Sun Valley have seats in the coaches."

"Taking tickets is the problem," said Luthi, who had done that, too, in his pre-executive days. "These people all have reserved seats, right? But they're never in them from the time they get on the train. I remember the last train I worked, I hunted for one guy from Los Angeles all the way to Las Vegas and didn't find him. But I knew he was on the train somewhere. He was just roaming around with the action. Finally, about two days later, I found him in his room at the Sun Valley Lodge, knocked on the door and said, 'Ticket, please.' "

Luthi was right about the seating arrangements, which had been carefully plotted out in advance on master charts. So much for master charts. By daybreak, beyond Las Vegas and Utah, the makeup of the train had changed magically overnight. Seats that had started with two boys somehow ended up with a boy and a girl. It all seemed more equitable.

The cocktail hour came as the train headed across the desert toward Las Vegas. It was a study in fashion logistics. Girls who had been riding all day in sweaters and stretch pants suddenly turned up in other sweaters and other stretch pants, having changed, wrigglingly, in the cramped rest rooms. The air was thick with the smells of the Snowball Special. Hair spray. Fabergé. Lanvin. Lipstick. Martinis. Beer.

In both chuckwagon cars the main course was called, with typical railroad clarity, meat patties. They were slippery, crumbly little devices that tasted suspiciously like oatmeal under meat sauce. The meal only sharpened appetites for Las Vegas, jewel of the desert—the big Snowball sprint.

"We have to change crews in Vegas," Ramsey explained, "and it usually takes about 20 minutes. We tell the skiers that the stop is only 10 minutes and warn them not to get off the train. Hah! Just watch. They'll come pouring off the train; they'll stream across the mall to Fremont Street. Everything in a matter of minutes. Drinks. Floor shows, gambling. Sure as hell, someone will miss the train. We try to get them all back on. But someone always misses the train. It means that they have to dash over to the Las Vegas airport, catch a flight to Salt Lake City, take a cab downtown to the train depot and reboard our train when it comes in. Some of them do it. Some of them drop out of sight and are never seen at Sun Valley."

As the train slowed down, they came running. It was cold. In stretch pants and after-ski boots, in Moriarty caps and parkas they poured out of the train doors. It was as though the train was going to blow up. In 15 minutes they came streaming back.

"I lost $100 in five minutes," one skier explained, looking stunned as his friends helped him back aboard. "One hundred clams on one spin of the wheel. Has anybody got a drink?"

Another woman, waving a fistful of bills, said, "My husband just won $150, just like that. He has just bought me a pair of new Head skies and some boots." She vanished, happily, back into the train.

The Special rolled on across the night, and the Car 4 crowd, after a paper-cup census, announced proudly that two of its group were missing—left behind at Las Vegas. The Snowball Special's record was intact.

At midnight, Grusin and crew began slamming out a bunny hop, and the rumpus car began to teeter. The amplifier burst on Grusin's portable, electrified piano. He improvised, banging out the rhythm by beating on an empty beer can with a screwdriver, while hornman Ulyate blew 22 consecutive choruses of *The Snowball Special* without once repeating a melody. Overhead, the light fixtures began to swing ominously back and forth, and the beer started spilling over from half-filled cups, as though the car had been seized by a savage storm at sea.

One conductor, lantern on his arm, came through the car and did a frightened double take. "You guys will have to stop," he cried, his voice unheard, swallowed up in the din. "You're all going to tip this car and derail it with that dancing. Look at those lights. Look at this tipping back and forth. Ye gods, these cars are never this bad with just plain cattle in them."

But the music went on, and the rumpus car went tipping from side to side along the tracks. Even those standing still (or intending to stand still) were thrown into impromptu dance steps, bouncing from one side to the other.

Ahead in Car 4, Den Mother Dee Bushman, who runs a ski and trophy shop with her husband in Downey, was busy with Snowball Special activities. The Car 4 people, as Snowball veterans knew, were the ones who often showed up on the train with empty ice buckets on their heads and paper toilet-seat covers around their necks like Mae West lifejackets.

"We started with a snowball fight this morning at San Bernardino," Mrs. Bushman explained. "Except we used ice cubes. All sorts of crazy things always happen to our bunch. On the way home last year one of our skiers got off with his girl friend at Pocatello, Idaho. He wanted a beer, she wanted an apple. And, sure enough, the train pulled out without them.

"They rented a car and drove like the wind to Salt Lake City. And they missed the train there by just one minute. Then they dashed out to the Salt Lake City airport and caught a jet to Los Angeles. Some friends met them there and drove them back to San Bernardino. When the train pulled in they got back aboard, just to ride into Pomona. And what do you think happened? They forgot to get off at Pomona and rode into Los Angeles with us."

The young man was on the train this trip, wearing his U.P. get-acquainted name tag. It said "The Pocatello Kid."

For this year's activity the Bushmans had planned a Snowball king-and-queen contest and had brought along little cardboard crowns for the occasion. "We have real crowns back in our shop," Dee said. "You know, like in the Rose Bowl Parade and like that. But they're too perfect that way. It isn't in keeping with the spirit of this train." For royal coronation robes, Mrs. Bushman explained, "we plan to steal those entry curtains from the men's and women's rooms.

"These Union Pacific people are nice to us," she said. "They don't say any-

continued

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thing as long as we don't get too destructive. Gee, sometimes we sleep up there in the overhead suitcase racks. The trick is in knowing the town where a railroad inspector will get on. They always walk all through the train and look at everything. So our members now know when to climb down out of the racks and sit on their seats. When the inspector gets off they go baek up into the racks and sleep."

But all through the train there was little sleep in the excitement of the season's first ski trip.

In Car 9, Dick Eastman, 35, and Cheryl Smith, 20, were eloping. "Well, we've been engaged for two months to ourselves," said Eastman, curled up on the coach seat alongside Cheryl. "By that I mean it has been a secret from our families. And I organized this trip for our ski club, and I figured I'd organize my wedding at the same time. That way we can get in some skiing. . . ."

Up ahead, 22-year-old Legal Secretary Joan Kubic, dazzling in slacks and crisp, white blouse, found it all especially romantic for a single girl from Pasadena. Life was never like this at staid, old Brydolf, Gray, Whyte & Harrison, where they pay her $425 a month. She saves her money for ski vacations.

"I came up on the train last year," she said, "and it was so exciting. This year I have three girl friends with me. I told them it was the perfect vacation." All four girls, three secretaries and a dental assistant, were getting a big play from the boys. Dancing. Dining on meat patties by fluorescent overhead light.

One of them, 25-year-old Virginia Taylor, was perfectly candid about the Snowball Special. Sun Valley? "I don't really even like to ski," shrugged Virginia. "But this trip is sure a lot of fun."

In the rumpus car brunette Diana Newell, secretary to the society editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, summed it up: "This train is no different from a resort, really. If you're aboard looking for the man of your dreams, forget it."

And one of the Los Angeles ski-clubbers, tall, willowy Bette Sutter, flashed a smile that lighted up her end of the car. "Remember that the very logistics of going skiing are tough in southern California," she explained. "But with the Snowball Special it is all handled beautifully for you. All you have to do, really, is present yourself at the Union Pacific depot, and everything else is taken

continued

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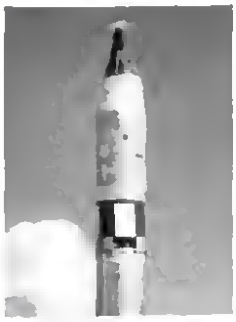

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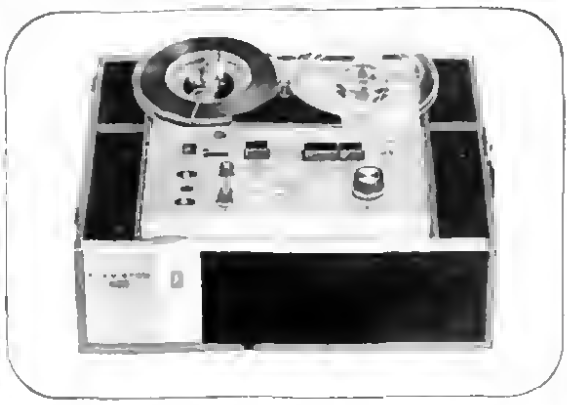

Nine to choose from—and every one is Solid State. Not a tube in the lot. And they all have the Space Age reliability of RCA Solid Copper Circuits that won't come loose, won't short circuit, won't go haywire.

Choose a snap-in cartridge model that loads in seconds. Or a reel-to-reel model. The *Tiros I* at upper left is battery operated. Take it anywhere. Or, with adapter (optional), plug it into any 120 volt AC outlet. The *Score I*, above, is a deluxe 4-track reel-to-reel model with 6" oval speaker, tone control, tape usage digital counter and VU meter. See them and seven more—at your RCA Victor dealer's—soon.

*For the *Tiros I*, prices optional with dealer

RCA Solid Copper Circuits are the circuits of the Space Age . . . they replace old fashioned handwiring for better performance, greater dependability, fewer service headaches

The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

care of for you—the transportation, lodging, ski-lift and ski-school tickets. For Californians it is perfect."

The organization was a wonder, really. In one of the lounge cars, impervious to the sounds swirling around him, Sun Valley Staffer Irv Silver issued ski-lift and lesson tickets and handed out room assignments. He had flown down to Los Angeles to catch the train, carrying a canvas bag with $40,000 worth of lift passes. "This way, when they get to the Valley they will be ready to go," said Silver.

In the growing Idaho dawn, 26½ hours and some 1,100 miles out of Los Angeles, the Special chugged through new snowfields. Inside, equipped with morning Bloody Marys, the skiers were suiting up. Many of them had boots on (those who had smuggled their skis into the vestibules) ready to race directly from the train to the lifts for their first runs of the season.

The Sun Valley Lodge, the Challenger Inn, Baldy and Dollar mountains were waiting. The "train people," as the Valley staff calls them, came in like conquering Huns. Which is tough to do with wrinkled clothes and red eyes. Some of them went directly to Baldy—the experts—to slash down the manicured slopes. Others went in direct, unwavering lines to The Ram for drinks. Some went, heavy-lidded and exhausted, to their rooms to sleep one, two, three days. Some of them clearly had no intention of going skiing. Ever.

One hour and 15 minutes after the train people had arrived, one of the girls slipped and fell over her unpacked suitcase, putting a four-stitch gash in her chin. She was the first Snowball Special casualty. There would be others. But there would be everything else to make the trip worthwhile. Romance, a whirl of parties, skiing—or just breathing air without smog.

"The trip back to Los Angeles is always pretty calm," explained Wagon Master Ramsey. "They are a pretty subdued bunch by then, and it is nothing like the trip up here."

"The trip back home," said one of the train people, "means an end for one more year to this glamorous week. It means back to those damned meat patties on that chuckwagon car."

It was worse than that. The band was too tired to play. The crowd was too tired to dance. Everybody slept. **END**

TRICYCLE

Remember when you rode a tricycle as a kid? Compared with a bike it was pretty simple to handle. Same thing's true of the modern Piper Cherokee because it, too, uses the tricycle principle for its landing gear.

IT'S one reason why the Cherokee seems to want to do everything right. It inherently rolls straight on take-off and landing. If you land with a little drift, the tricycle gear automatically corrects for it, whereas older airplanes with their little tail wheels had a tendency to wander all over the place. And you don't have to teeter on a stall a few inches off the ground to make a "three-point" landing. You just ease down onto the runway with seldom an embarrassing bounce.

Actually, all modern airplanes now use the tricycle landing gear and this innovation is one of several big reasons why flying is so much simpler than just a few years ago.

The tricycle gear takes on even better characteristics when combined with low wing design. That's why we at Piper, after building tens of thousands of high wing airplanes, have switched completely to low wing except for the Super Cub (still produced in limited quantity). With low wing several good things happen. First, the center of gravity is much lower. Second, the wheel tread can be made much wider. With low CG and wide stance there's no top-heavy tippy feeling when you fly the Cherokee.

The low wing offers other benefits, too. Visibility's so much better. And, in the Cherokee, a "magic" pillow of air between wing and runway cushions every landing.

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Visit your Piper dealer today—this weekend for sure. No coupon needed. Just come out to the airport, say you want to take the Special $5 Introductory Flight Lesson, and the rest is easy.

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The suite named after the Minnesota Twins in the Hotel Leamington in Minneapolis looks pretty much like the suite named after the Minnesota Vikings in the same hotel, but the tab is slightly different—$74 a day for the Twins suite compared to $53 a day for the Vikings. How come? Well, the Leamington's Bob Short (who, as a former owner of the Lakers in the National Basketball League, ought at least to be neutral) has an 8-by-10 photograph of Minnesota Twins Owner **Calvin Griffith** hanging in the Twins suite. The Twins won the championship in their league and the Vikings didn't, and that, football fans, is as good a reason as any why it costs $21 extra a day.

The whole concept was new and revolutionary, said **Casey Stengel,** as he took a bank holiday and showed up, same as always, for Florida's annual rites of spring training. But the staunch old fundamentalist reckoned he was for it. The idea, as he got it, was that Wes Westrum, his successor as manager of the New York Mets, would introduce a baseball bat this year that was straight. And no matter what the results might be, the team batting average would probably exceed previous years when the Mets used a bat, said Casey, shaped like his eccentric walking stick—which, wryly, he then held up (*below*).

The idea of warm hospitality in Finland is for everyone to turn out in sub-zero weather, strap on cross-country skis and race 2 million millimeters (about 1¼ miles) around the rim of a rock-hard frozen lake. Which is what **Ruth Thompson,** wife of U.S. Ambassador **Tyler Thompson,** did the other day near Helsinki along with a congenial gathering of diplomats, ministry officials and their families. True, there was a rest stop for blueberry juice or whiskey grog halfway round the lake, and on such compulsory nourishment most contestants more or less finished the course—Ruth Thompson scooting to a respectable second place in the ladies' division.

"I don't know anything about football," Atlanta Millionaire **Rankin Smith** was frank to say when he founded the NFL Falcons, but some of the things that go with football are another matter. A recent Smith idea, for example, calls for a four-color Falcon uniform that pays homage (red and black) to the University of Georgia, Smith's own alma mater, while not overlooking the home folks (gold and white) from Georgia Tech. Such a wide-awake outlook has sold gobs of season tickets, among other things, and Smith is not through. Latest idea: a Falcon fight song to be written, he likes to hope, by Savannah's **Johnny Mercer.**

Humming with pride, the front-office boys were showing the boss a preview of a promotional film that tries to blend the hoary traditions of the made-in-Manhattan Giants with such San Francisco fixtures as Fisherman's Wharf and fog. And Giant President **Horace Stoneham,** whose idea it had been, was eating it up until a dim, fuzzy figure in an antique newsreel was identified as Christy Mathewson. "That's not Christy," gasped Stoneham. "That's Buck Herzog!" Barely recovered from that, Stoneham spotted another blooper: some ninny in the cutting room had scrambled the batting-order appearances of Joe Cronin and Jimmy Foxx, two of the five Hall of Famers Carl Hubbell struck out in a row in the 1934 All-Star Game. Great catch on that, Horace, but could he really be certain about identifying Herzog in that grainy old clip of film? "You bet I can," blustered Stoneham. "Herzog always walked in a crouch. Even though more than 50 years have passed, I still recognize that crouch."

He was the conference middleweight boxing champion, he held the mile record (4:24) in track, he caught for the baseball team and he was right in there at center for every minute of every game played by the insatiable 1909 football team at Sewanee (the University of the South), the team that one week played four games. No wonder Grantland Rice was moved to call him Iron Man—and no wonder that the Rt. Rev. **Frank A. Juhan,** an Episcopal bishop, was elected to the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame along with the likes of Dick Kazmaier and Norm Van Brocklin. Says the 78-year-old Iron Man (who ought to know), "Sport builds character."

Lady Bird called the Cabinet wives together to celebrate **Muriel Humphrey**'s 54th birthday, and this was the angle: the girls could lose a little weight before lunch by swimming in the White House pool, or by bowling (as Mrs. J. and Mrs. H. elected to do) in the Executive Office Building next door. After an hour of that, everybody regrouped to count lost ounces, then sat down to a perfectly delicious stuffing of creamed chicken and cheese soufflé, strawberry ice cream and yellow cake with red-icing roses.

As every schoolboy who won't grow up knows, all it takes to fly like Peter Pan is a sprinkling of fairy dust applied while thinking lovely thoughts. That's O.K. for kids, maybe, but **Betsy Palmer,** who is somewhat over 21, and who must learn to fly for a touring production of *Peter Pan,* has taken the more practical step of enrolling in exercise classes at a New York gymnasium. Working out with Trainer Walter Rozhen last week, her joints popped a trifle but, judging from the looks of things as she looped and flipped among the rings and parallel bars, Betsy is within an ace of soloing.

Since they already had on display a bronze casting of Bob Feller's pitching arm (and down in the basement, or somewhere, a Joe Louis fist and a Bobby Jones grip wrapped around a golf club), it figured that officials of the Cleveland Health Museum would have a hankering for the prolific toe (1,195 points so far) of the Browns' **Lou Groza.** That longing has now been satisfied, thanks to Groza's willingness ("It tickles") to hold still while the museum people, given an inch, went for the whole 12D foot. Very shortly the dismembered foot will be mounted just short of booting the daylights out of a bronze football.

Captain Frank Baque, Jr., 1st Officer, Wesley Chadwick, 2nd Officer, Justin Campbell

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Why? For one reason. We want to make Eastern the finest, most comfortable airline you've ever flown on. Every new convenience, every new comfort we add along the way becomes another opportunity for us to say, "Thank you for flying on Eastern."

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EASTERN

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If these light fires in Harry's imagination, there's no telling what a Stereo-Tape System, Power Brakes, Power Steering, or other options from Mustang's long list (over seventy) will suggest to him.

That's why there *is* a Mustang, Virginia.

MUSTANG
A PRODUCT OF
Ford

It matters if you wiggle a toe

One excuse that you do not hear for a poor golf shot is: "I didn't use enough right foot that time." Well, it may surprise you, but the neglected right foot could very well rate at the top of the excuse list—along with such old favorites as "I didn't keep my head down" and "I tried to kill the ball." The reason is that minor changes in the position of the right *foot at address can have a significant effect* on the trajectory of a golf shot. When you want to hit a normal shot you should have the toe of your right foot either square to the line of flight or turned out to the right just a bit. This helps you take the club head away from the ball low, make a good turn and start down properly. However, if you need to hit the ball a little higher than normal and perhaps slightly longer, you should point the toe of the right foot farther to the right. This will enable you to make a bigger and stronger turn away from the ball, while still maintaining good balance and rhythm. It also helps keep your hips behind the ball at impact and brings the club head into the ball with more of a sweeping motion, thus getting the ball into the air higher and faster. But if you want a low shot—say you are hitting into the wind or must avoid some low-hanging branches—try turning your right foot slightly to the left. This will restrict your backswing and set up more of a punching action on the downswing, thus keeping the shot low.

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FRANCIS GOLDEN

Dark red arrow shows foot position that will add height to a shot. Center arrow is the normal position. A further shift (light arrow) will result in a low shot.

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Name your game, baby, and I'll beat you

Ken Harrelson of the Athletics told everyone he would win the baseball players' golf tournament in Miami, and he did—just as he has been beating people at the game of their choice for most of his 24 years

The sun was pouring down on the 16th fairway of the Miami Springs golf course, and one had to wonder why Ken Harrelson was reaching into his golf bag for an umbrella. Playing the James Bond part, he unscrewed a cap at the bottom of the umbrella handle and extracted a small cylindrical tube that contained an 86-proof elixir.

"Man, I'm draggin'," Harrelson said, offering an excuse before taking a taste, "but this should get me goin' again." It did. He took a five-iron from the same bag and hit a shot to within three feet of the hole. He made the putt for a birdie 3, then birdied the 18th hole and went on to win the National Baseball Players' Golf Tournament for the second straight year—this time by 17 strokes with a record 72-hole score of 290.

The victory should not have surprised anyone, because Harrelson boldly announced he would win the tournament the minute he arrived at the course for the first day's play. "Yep, I know I finished fifth last week in that players' tourney in Las Vegas, but I played like the village idiot out there," he said. "But this is Miami, baby, and no one's going to beat me down here, 'cause I'm going to concentrate on nothing but golf."

Since his teen-age days in Savannah, Harrelson, who plays first base for the Kansas City Athletics, has been telling people that he can beat them at the game of their choice, whether it be pool, golf, bowling, baseball, basketball, football, gin rummy, arm rasslin' or just about anything else. "Now, don't get me wrong," he says. "I'm no Cassius Clay who goes around bragging, 'I am the greatest' and all that stuff. But if someone says they're good at something, then I'll say I'm better than they are and challenge them right on the spot.

"Oh, I've lost at things a couple of times, sure. Curt Merz, he's a big 270-pounder who plays on the line for the Kansas City Chiefs, got me down once in arm rasslin', and Rocky Colavito once threw a baseball farther than me. But I never admit defeat. There's always tomorrow and another chance to win."

Despite all this, Harrelson does not qualify as a "flake," which in baseball's lexicon means someone who is a bit daffy. "Kenny just has this great confidence that he can beat everyone," says Albie Pearson of the Angels. "There's nothing flaky about that, is there?"

"No, I'm not a flake," says Harrelson, "but I guess I've got a little—well, really quite a bit—of hot dog in me. When I feel like doing something I do it. I think the fans like that. Being a hot dog hasn't worked against me, even though I've said and done a lot of bad things at the wrong time. Hell, who's perfect?

"In fact, I guess I've been in real trouble only once. That was down in Caracas, Venezuela, when I was playing winter ball. Billy Bryan, who catches for the A's now, was with me one night in a bar and these natives in the place were being real sarcastic about the States. One guy came at me with a broken bottle. Bryan smashed him over the head with a chair, but a couple of his buddies had guns and they stuck them in our stomachs.

"The cops came and took us down to the station house in a taxi. As I'm getting out of the cab, one of the cops says to me, 'Pay the taxi, kid, will you?' That was the damnedest. You had to pay your own way to jail."

Harrelson, who is only 24, has the hot-dog look. He wears his hair almost Beatle length to compensate, he claims, for a hawked nose and probably the biggest ears in baseball. "And like that guy Samson, I get my strength from my hair," he says. He wears blazers with a KSH—for Kenneth Smith Harrelson—monogram, and his baseball pants usually reach to his ankles. Naturally, he has his own portable pool cue, which proves very handy on rainy days on the road, and his golf bag carries the inscription THE HAWK, KANSAS CITY.

But Harrelson is not all hot dog. Last year he led the Athletics in runs batted in, with 66, and in home runs, with 23, even though the Kansas City park is one of the most difficult in the majors for a right-handed hitter. "This year," he says, "I'd like to hit 40 home

continued

THE UMBRELLA Harrelson holds has a James Bond-type compartment for a secret elixir.

runs—but I won't because of that ball park—and drive in 100 runs, which I should. A batting average isn't too important for a guy in my position, because I'm a run producer, but I'd like to hit at least .270." As for golf, most people who have seen him play think he is good enough to join the pro tour. Harrelson, of course, agrees.

"A couple of years ago some people were going to send me on tour, but the deal fell through," he says. "If I had the backing, say a two-year contract guaranteeing me $15,000 a year against a percentage of my winnings, I'd go out with the pros. If I could work at golf like I work at baseball—you know, really concentrate at it for seven or eight straight months—I know I'd be real good and could play with the best."

If he ever does go out on the tour, Harrelson would like to pattern himself after Arnold Palmer. "He's my idol, baby," Ken says. "I use Arnold Palmer golf clubs, Arnold Palmer golf balls, Arnold Palmer golf gloves and Arnold Palmer golf slacks. I'd even use the Arnold Palmer laundry if they had it in K.C. He's got more guts than anyone. He doesn't know what it is to gas."

Harrelson apparently has an idol for every sport. One night in Miami he met Willie Pastrano, the former light heavyweight champion, and told him, "Willie, baby, you were my idol."

"I was?" asked Pastrano, astonished.

"I had three fights as a kid," said Ken. "I won the first two, but in the third this guy broke my jaw and knocked me out in the first round. I saw nothin' but ceilin' for 10 minutes."

"I get it," said Pastrano. "I was your idol when you were flat on your back."

Harrelson recalled how he once broke a teammate's jaw with a right-hand punch. "It was supposed to be a great football player in high school, and the coach made me first-string quarterback at the start of my sophomore year. One day on the way to practice another kid and I were playing dollar blackjack at the back of the bus, and I won the last hand just as the bus stopped at the field. This kid, though, grabs the two bucks in the pot and runs out. I took the socks from his equipment bag and then chased him down. I told him he could have his socks if he gave me my two bucks. He tried to grab the socks, but I told him to stand back. He grabbed again and I popped him. I broke his jaw, but I also broke my own right hand and never did play much more quarterback."

Like many baseball players, Harrelson confines his off-the-diamond athletics to golf, pool and bowling, with a little arm wrestling tossed in.

"John Wyatt, our relief pitcher, and me are the best pool hustlers I've seen in baseball," Ken says. "I've never played Bo Belinsky, but people who have played us both tell me I'd beat him. I get a lot of challenges from baseball people, but they never usually materialize. I was telling some New York broadcasters how well I could shoot pool, and they talked about setting up a match with Phil Rizzuto. I didn't even know little Phil shot

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pool, but when I saw him I told him I'd never been beaten by anyone who had to stand on a chair to use a cue. That match never came off."

A few years ago Harrelson was looking for some way to hustle enough money to finance a trip from Savannah to the baseball golf tournament in Miami. He had lost $400 in a bowling match, which got him so mad he threw his bowling ball and shoes into a swamp near his home. "The next day I cooled off and went out to look for them, but I never could find the things." Happily, a pool shark landed in town and began to tell everyone how great he was.

"Sure enough," says Harrelson, "we got into a match and I beat him for $400. I ran home and told the wife that we had our stake for Miami and to pack up. But then I left my golf clubs on the front porch and in Miami I had to borrow a set of real whippy clubs from some pro. I had a lousy tournament."

As for arm wrestling, Harrelson "guesses" he is the best in baseball, but he insists that he has given up that sport. "Arm rasslin' is bad for your arm," he says, "and I've got to do too many things with my right arm."

Aside from that, about the only competitive concession Harrelson has ever made was in auto racing. "I used to have these two racing Corvettes—you know, the ones with only a motor and a frame? We'd have these drag races over those two-lane roads in the Georgia woods. Well, one night my buddy challenged me to pass him on a straightaway, and I told him that'd be easy. We were both acting just juvenile. I was going 150 miles an hour when my car hit a bump in the road. I regained control of the thing, but I was so scared I couldn't even drive home. Never mind tomorrow that time. Next day I didn't even want to drag the guy."

Last year, when Owner Charles O. Finley of the Athletics was looking for a player to ride his mule, Charlie O, around the field before games, it was Harrelson who accepted the challenge.

"I knew there'd be some money in it," he admits, "and I knew I could stay on the thing." He did manage to stay on most of the time, but one afternoon in Yankee Stadium in New York he abandoned a bouncy ride and jumped off when the mule began to gallop.

"I was getting paid $100," Harrelson says. "That only goes so far." END

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL / *John Lovesey*

A bit too much for Blighty

The presence of Bill Bradley drew 500 spectators to the Oxford-Cambridge varsity match last week, but the important thing was the postgame party

The best amateur basketball player in the world was hopping around in white shorts in a high-school locker room. "We don't have enough jerseys to go round," he explained. "We'll have to wait until the B team comes off before I get one." Outside the gymnasium, a sold-out notice established the fact that inside was almost certainly the largest crowd ever to attend an amateur basketball game in the country. It was an international gathering, with penciled "no smoking" notices stuck up in several languages and spectators from all parts of Europe, Ceylon, India, Iran and Africa.

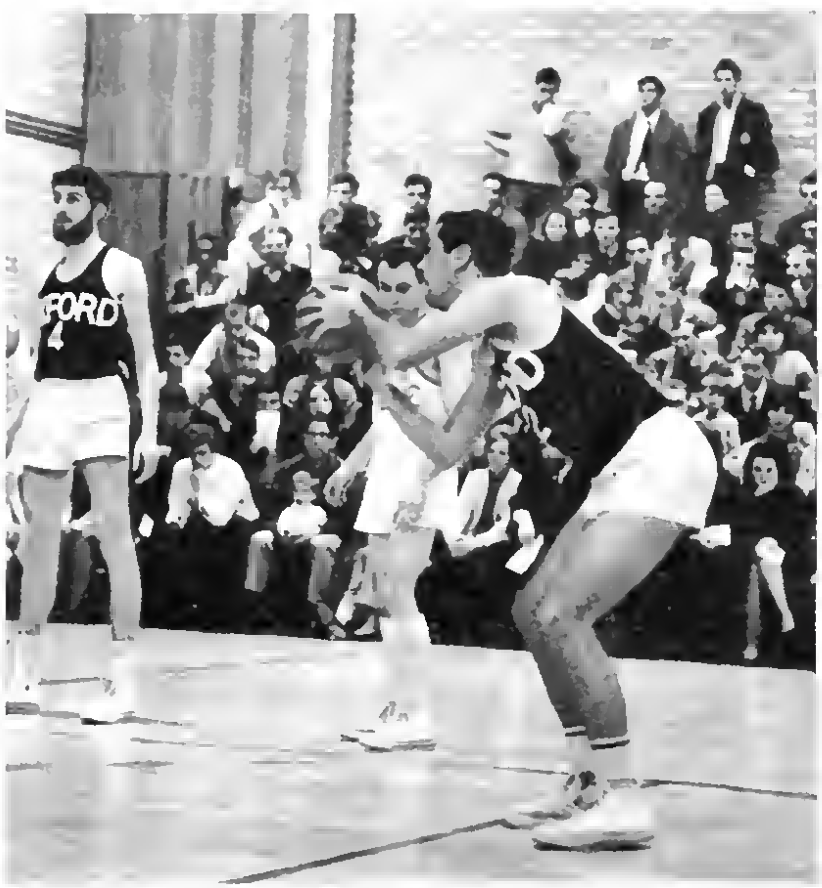
If this does not sound to you like America, you are right, but the basketball player in shorts happened to be Bill Bradley, who was gently warming up for the annual Oxford and Cambridge varsity match. The gym was that of the American High School on the Lakenheath Air Force Base, 27 miles from Cambridge, in England. And the majority of the 500 people packed in were English, which made it hard work for some. "All the way, Light Blue," gleefully shouted the cheerleading team of the high school, firm friends of Cambridge in their light blue shirts. "Oh, dear," moaned a young undergraduate, "they would be more appreciated by an American audience than an inhibited English one."

But bizarre contrasts provide the interest for what basketball there is in England. The score tends to be not worth remembering—that is, not after a game has been organized, a gym has at last been found to play in and, yes, the post-event party has been arranged. It is only a game—that is what everybody says in England, even the Americans who dominate the Oxford and Cambridge teams. A game is a game, but a party's a party, and basketball in Blighty moves in such a small world that it is, to say the least, difficult to develop fierce rivalries.

"Basketball in England," remarked John Wideman, the Oxford team captain and a budding young novelist, "is going round in circles, like aristocrats breeding. There is no new influx of blood."

The problems this creates are made only too evident by the present Oxford team. By any standard of measurement, it would do well against any other group of amateurs in the world and, with regular training, could certainly beat any other club in Europe. Although Bill Bradley would never say it, he is with a far more talented bunch of players than surrounded him at Princeton. John Wideman himself played three years for the University of Pennsylvania, and the Oxford team also includes John Ritch (6 feet 7), who played for West Point, and Merle McClung, last year's Harvard captain. Rarely, if at all, can these players get a good game and, what's more, they do not even have their own gym. The first gym in Oxford's history will be opened shortly. That is, it will be the first except for a "rumored" one, a dark and shady place where such arts as boxing and wrestling were practiced. Oxford basketball players, therefore, travel some 800 miles annually in order to work out at a local American Air Force gym. They have to transport themselves on things like 125cc. scooters, quite a sight with both Wideman and Bradley aboard.

More startling to Americans, perhaps, than lack of money and primitive facili-



BRADLEY TRIES A FREE THROW AS TEAMMATE JOHN SANDERCOCK BRACES FOR REBOUND

ties is the lack of interest on the part of the press, the public and the rest of the student body. According to Bill Bradley, "Somebody might say, 'When do you play again?' or 'What happened the last match?' "

Cambridge is fractionally better off in that it nowadays has a gym a quarter the size of a basketball court. It does not, however, have Rhodes scholars like McClung, Wideman and Bradley and, therefore, is more likely to have the inferior basketball team. Not that anybody has any idea how fortunes in the varsity match have swayed over the years. As John Wideman observed, "The records would probably be as hard to root out as some of Milton's manuscripts."

What Cambridge lacked in size—and Oxford had it all over its opponents in height—it made up for in divine character. Perhaps by oversight only, on its B team was a 37-year-old Roman Catholic priest named Fred Brenk, universally and popularly acclaimed as "a great six-inch jumper." Brenk played in the varsity ice-hockey game after only one practice and got a Half-Blue.

Then there was Steve Cohen, a qualified attorney studying international law at Cambridge and a member of the first team. Cohen was second to Gary Gubner in the shotput at the 1961 Maccabiah Games, and his claim to distinction in the world of athletics is that he is the only 5-foot-9 shotputter ever to throw the 16-pound shot more than 57 feet (57 feet 10¾ inches).

The tallest man on the Cambridge squad was Ron Schram (6 feet 5), who would certainly have played college basketball in America but for a knee injury in his sophomore year at Dartmouth. The next tallest man was John Simon. At 6 feet 1, he is known as "Big John" merely to distinguish him from another player, "Little John," or John Johnson (5 feet 8).

The captain of basketball at both Oxford and Cambridge, like the captains in the other sports, is himself responsible for coaching as well as deciding who plays. As the Cambridge captain, Schram felt that though his squad did not have a single man who played the game at college level in America, and included in its starting five a Finn and an Englishman, it might be able to throw the Oxford team out of gear with organization and fitness. "They can always bust you on paper," explained Steve Cohen. "But they've still got to beat you on court." To stack up the odds in their favor, as Cambridge's players put it, they bought new uniforms and warmup suits. "We're going to ham it up a bit," said John Simon. And they came onto the court, after Oxford, to the sound of a recording of *Sweet Georgia Brown* obtained by Simon's mother direct from the Harlem Globetrotters.

Oxford, sartorially a sad contrast—some of its players wore sawed-off blue jeans and one used swimming shorts—had an unadorned strategy. John Wideman said it was based on the simple premise that Oxford's players were "bigger, stronger, faster, and er . . . smarter."

The teams already had met four times this season, Oxford winning three and losing one, when it was without Bradley and Ritch. But none of those games really counted, for some reason only an Englishman would understand. This was The Varsity Match. "This game," remarked Bradley, who flew back from playing with the Italian Simmenthal team in Milan the morning of the event, "is the only one I care about."

"How many periods are there during a match?" asked a British onlooker.

"I find the game rather mechanical. To me they just seem to run up and score, run up and score," remarked Bert Moorhouse, a Cambridge sociology student.

"I've just been wondering about the football results—how Spurs got on in the Cup," said another.

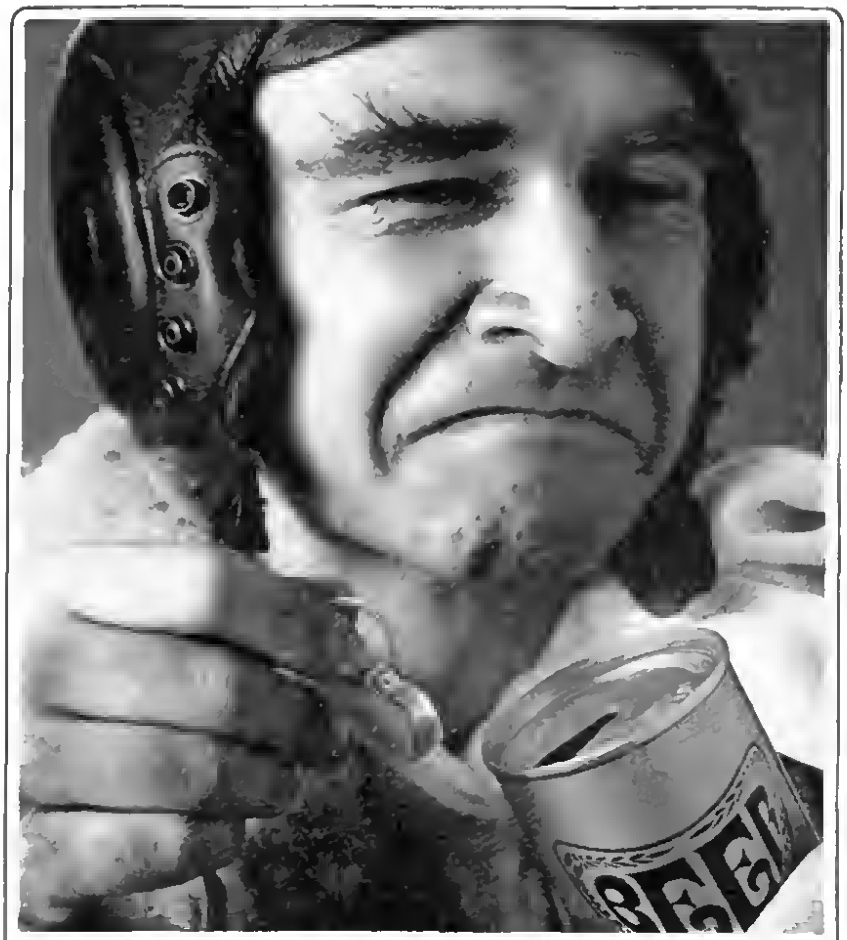
Such is the battle basketball wages in England. Still, all present agreed they enjoyed the game. Nobody said it was outstanding, but Bradley did show, as an American said, remarkable "gallantry in his desire to set up shots for other players instead of himself," and any soccer player could also marvel at his ability to pass with breathtaking accuracy while looking the other way.

At the midway mark Cambridge was trailing by 16 points at 39–23. All the Light Blues could do was work the ball around fast and shoot from outside, and that's where the bulk of their score came from. The difference was essentially height allied to the Oxford players' better handling of the ball plus their ability to work plays and take real advantage of the rebounds. The final score of 76–64, considering all this, was as much a tribute to Cambridge as Oxford, which won. John Ritch of the Oxford team was the highest scorer with 21 points, and Bradley had 17.

This was not the time for much analysis, however, because a horde of dates were waiting to be escorted to the post-game dinner and party. As much organization had gone into the combined festivities as anything else. Cambridge had even offered, together with roast ribs of beef, to provide a date for the evening to any Oxonian. But the one request, from Bill Bradley, came too late. Cambridge is a city where the ratio of male to female students is 9 to 1. Dates have to be booked weeks ahead.

Never mind. There were such other things to consider as the breeding cycle of black-headed gulls. In the British National Championship final on March 19th, Oxford, one of the teams, will probably be without one of its players, Bill McGrew. Bill is a zoologist, and his studies will almost certainly require that he watch birds. Black-headed gulls will always be more important to England than basketball. **END**

CAMBRIDGE GIRLS AWAIT OXFORD DATES



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Life status for a prodigy

If the game were only basketball, the halls of Galileo High in San Francisco would be overflowing with all of the scouts who have had little to do since Lew Alcindor decided to go to UCLA. The object of their attention would be Kyle Larsen, a 16-year-old junior who has become the youngest Life Master in bridge history.

Kyle's unique achievement is not taken by his parents as a sign of a misspent youth, for both Alane and Kai Larsen have won their share of bridge championships and they know how much imagination, memory, discipline and nerve is involved. Somehow, by his mid-teens, Kyle accumulated enough of these attributes to excel at a game primarily dominated by players 20 to 50 years older.

Kyle's bridge style is patterned after his father's—natural and freewheeling with a minimum of artificial conventions. He has forced himself to adhere to this system, avoiding the trap of exotic bidding which usually retards the progress of new players. In two years of tournament competition he has developed into a tough opponent for any expert.

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
♠ K J 10 5
♥ K 4 3
♦ Q J 6
♣ A J 5

WEST
♠ 7 2
♥ Q 10 9 5
♦ A 9 8 7
♣ Q 6 2

EAST
♠ 4 3
♥ J 8 7 2
♦ 10 5 3
♣ 9 8 7 3

SOUTH
♠ A Q 9 8 6
♥ A 6
♦ K 4 2
♣ K 10 4

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH (*Larsen*)	WEST
1 N.T.	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
4 ♠	PASS	6 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead 7 of spades

Last summer in Chicago Kyle had his first success at a national championship when he won the Teen-year Pairs. Then last November, at the Fall Nationals, he teamed with Richard Eichler to win the four-session Men's Pair event for non-Life Masters.

Here is an innocent-looking deal in which Kyle combined sound bidding with a touch of fakery to eliminate a guess and insure a contract that brought a top score. With a minimum no-trump opening and even distribution, North might have rebid three no trump, but he decided it was best to show his strong spade support. Encouraged by an apparently excellent fit, and holding 17 points of his own, including one for his doubleton, Kyle went directly to slam.

After that, all Kyle had to do was find the best way to take 12 tricks. When West led a spade and dummy came down, it appeared that the hand would depend upon guessing who held the queen of clubs. But any bridge player likes to give himself better than a 50–50 chance. Like a professional—and a guileful one—Kyle found the extra possibility.

He won with the 9 of spades in his hand and led a diamond toward dummy. West ducked, and dummy's jack won. Next Kyle came back to his hand with a trump and led another low diamond. West knew that declarer still had the diamond king and it seemed to him he could afford to duck the trick. West figured that South was making the standard play from a four-card diamond suit including the king and that declarer probably held a singleton club and three hearts to the ace and was trying to establish his fourth diamond. If such was the case, taking the diamond ace would enable South to later unload a losing heart from dummy on the high diamond.

With only a mildly suspicious glance at the beardless youth in declarer's chair, West played low. If East had indeed held the doubleton 10 of diamonds, this might have been the only way to set the contract. As it was, when dummy's queen of diamonds held, Kyle cashed the ace and king of hearts, ruffed dummy's last heart and then played his king of diamonds, which West had to take with the ace. West was now compelled either to lead a red card, which would let Kyle stuff a club in one hand while he ruffed in the other, or a club. In either case, the need to guess the position of the club queen was gone. **END**

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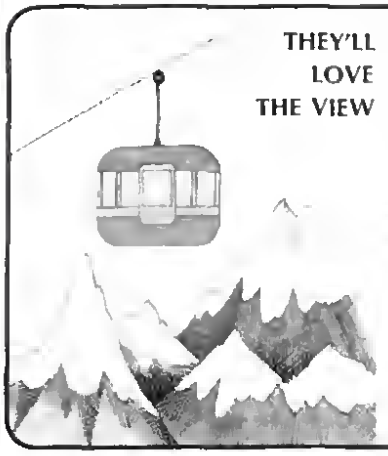

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It was a great day that started dismally: Flannery was off banging his bass drum far Easters past and present and the tide was coming in to cover the bait; but the bass were swarming off the coast of Kerry

BY CLIVE GAMMON

A DILLY DAY AT

DINGLE

You can only drink so much coffee, even when it's well made and there's a fine glowing peat fire to sit beside and half a nor'westerly gale straight from Greenland kicking up big green rollers on the beaches of the peninsula. Only so much, because after the second or third cup Brennan or myself or Patsy behind the bar is going to suggest stiffening it up with a little of the John Jameson 15-year-old special, and that would be the end of the morning's bass fishing. And we had a sincere wish to go bass fishing.

It was all Martin Flannery's fault, of course. All the assurances and promises of the night before were hovering above us. Certainly, he knew where the razor clams were, and, sure, we'd be filling a bucket with them in half an hour with plenty of time to catch the first run of the tide. I'd reminded him that the fishing-club secretary claimed they were hard to find this time of the year. "That man," said Flannery with a fine scorn, "knows no more about fishing than a pig knows about a clean shirt." And that seemed to settle that.

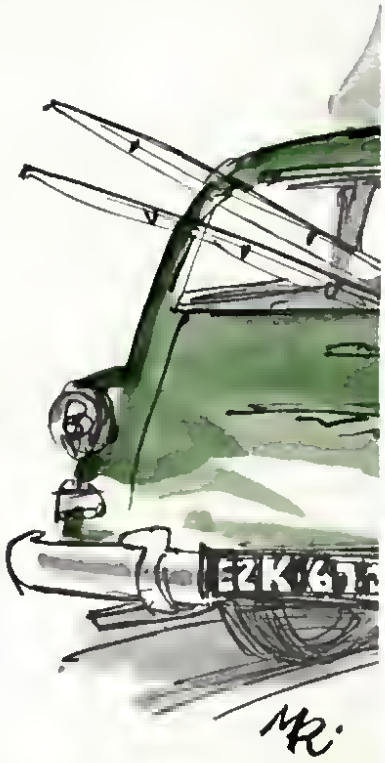
Waiting for Flannery. There'd been a lot of that in the past week, hanging around Dingle quayside, watching the tide fall back until it almost, not quite, left the 33-footer on her keel in the harbor mud. Then Flannery would appear, a little, red-eyed, pale man, scurrying out of Long's or Egan's or Ashe's Select Bar, just in time to get her off so that we could go and catch big pollack and coalfish in the races around the Blasket Islands. And, fair enough, in the end he always made it. The old diesel motor of the *Sancta Maria* would tonk away as he brought us out of the harbor on the last of the tide; he'd stick his head out of the wheelhouse coming round the point, mutter, "God send the fish," and look around wildly to the east and the west for inspiration. Brennan would chant, as he always chanted, the tune that we'd picked up our first evening in Dingle: *West for Glory, East for Fish.* But Flannery always took us westward to the Blasket races. Never east to the shallow, sand-bottomed water around Inch where the trawlers hauled cod and the big edible flats, turbot and brill, and once in a long while a halibut that might go 200 pounds.

West for glory. You could call it that, all right, when you saw how the tides clashed with the wind over the shallow reefs round Blasket, and the long-toothed rocks came clear out with the sea running back off them, and the black sleek heads of the brave seals bobbing in the swells. Well-fed seals they looked, too, for the reefs were alive with big, rock-haunting pollack that the trawlers could never come near. "You'd nearly want a curragh to fish it right," said Flannery the first time we went out with him, and what he meant was one of the long, black, high-prowed canoes, tarred canvas on a wooden frame, which some of the old Kerry fishermen still used to troll a line for pollack in such places. The curraghs would rise on the water, not in it, so that they could skim with a rising swell right across a big reef and take fish from the sides of it before the seas could break again. "I'll see about borrowing one from me uncle in Brandon Creek," said Flannery, comfortable in the knowledge that he had no uncle in Brandon, turning the slant of his eye on us to see how we took it. Brennan rose to it like a fresh-run trout. "We'd never have room to use the rods in one of those things," he said, lamely. "And besides—"

"Of course," said Flannery, ramming home the advantage. "You'd want to be on the sea for a good time before you'd be at home in one of them. There'd not be the like in Dublin Bay, I suppose?" And Brennan could only restore the balance by getting out the cigarettes and a bottle of the hotel beer. "Not right now, thanks," said Flannery, disappearing smugly into the wheelhouse.

But we had caught fish with Flannery, give him that, and yesterday had been the best day of all. The signs were good, right from the start, a mild sou'westerly, not much more than a light air, to move the bait inshore and the fish with it. The mackerel shoals were right close in: as soon as we'd left the harbor we could see the gannets, a couple hundred of them, working over the fish, clapping their wings together, white spear-headed missiles that sent great plumes of water up as they crashed in—timeless, beautiful birds. "Bloody things," said Flannery dispassionately.

But the birds found us the baitfish, and we quickly got out the commercial mackerel lines. These were bright, crude feathered lures tied to nylon heavy enough to moor a carrier. Big sinkers took the lures straight to the bottom. The idea was to feel the sinkers hit, then jig the tackle back to the surface. But long before that came the thump of fish taking hold. And hand over hand the lines came in, rasping on the gunwales, the slim, blue-green fish taking shape deep in the clear water as we hauled, then splashing at the surface, rattling out their lives on the bottom boards and in the fish boxes.



"That'll do," said Brennan We had more than we needed for bait, and we wanted to get to the real fishing "They're fetching two quid a box in Dingle," said Flannery, willing us to stay there all day, "and isn't it fine sport?" Brennan reasserted himself: "We will go ahead now, Mr. Flannery, if you please."

"I'll take a drop of that beer, then, before we do," countered Flannery; but for the moment it was Brennan, on points.

As we went ahead we picked up the long, gentle swell that is always off Dingle, even on the softest day. Flannery's face sharpened, visibly pulled itself together as he began to search the high, landward cliffs for marks that he knew, that his father and *his* father and all the long line of Flannerys had known about the water and the fishing off the Dingle peninsula. "Here's a fine mark for a pollack now," he cried, throttling the motor back and coming up-tide so that we would drift slowly over the rock pinnacle that he was sure was beneath us. He had found it by lining up two posts and a cottage chimney ashore. The pollack rods were set up and ready, old-fashioned two-handed salmon fly rods really, awkward in the boat but the only kind capable of doing justice to large pollack hooked over jungles of rubbery kelp. Flannery, still very professional, was cutting bait, long thin slivers from the mackerel's side that, just nicked on the hook at the broad end, would flow and waver enticingly in the tide at the end of a nine-foot leader that had a light, banana-shaped sinker above it to take it down through the water.

Over the side went the baits. And slowly we eased out line, waiting for the tap that would tell us the sinkers had hit rock so that we would start to reel up again, slowly, almost imperceptibly, until there would be a pluck at the line, and the temptation to stop the bait would be hard to fight down, but it had to be fought so that the pollack would keep coming, would smash fiercely on the bait this time, and the end of the salmon rod would come hard over and into the water as the fish made its first crash dive for the kelp.

continued

With the big drum, Flannery should have
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The pollack came, as we knew they would, big, gold-burnished, handsome fish that would average out at 14 or 15 pounds. Then a good coalfish, close to 18 pounds, a real trophy for Brennan. ("Well now, an old blackjack," said Flannery, unhooking it and hurling it somewhere into the stern. Coalfish had no market value, and Flannery was a realist.) "Will you want to try for skate now?" No, not really, we thought, though Irish skate are plentiful up to 200 pounds and reach a conceivable 400. Skate meant getting the heavy rods out and still-fishing on the bottom with a whole mackerel. Though there is a certain dour sport attached to the business, it was a slow, waiting game.

Back to the pollack for us, then, and we fished hard, filled the boxes we had, then piled the fish on deck. It was time to head back, so that Flannery could get the fish weighed and boxed and onto the lorry that drove up through the night to the city fish market. We had an understanding that they were all his.

We met Flannery later on at Long's that night, on a pint-for-pint basis. He was dressed in his best blue suit, and as he mellowed we asked him about the surf-fishing bait. Always, we'd found, there was nothing to touch razor clam fished on sand for bass. Did he, Flannery, know where to get some? He looked at us levelly over the creamy froth of his Guinness. Did he, Flannery, know where they were? Sure, he was practically on speaking terms with them. How many bucketfuls would we be needing? He looked at us sternly and warned: "There's one thing, though. You'll have to rise early. None of your late breakfasts tomorrow. I'll be into the hotel to get you out of it." He looked at Brennan severely, as if the man spent hours in bed in the morning with plates of guinea-fowl breasts and plovers' eggs, sybaritic chambermaids and a copy of the *Cork Examiner*. "See that you're up, now," Flannery ordered as he stoutly walked into the night.

And we had taken him seriously. We were clean and pure and waiting in the hotel lounge staring at our coffee cups from 9 o'clock on. And it looked as if, this time, we'd had it. You can only collect razor clams for bait at low water. We didn't know where the colony was in the wide expanse of the natural harbor, and Flannery did or said he did. Now we were going to be too late.

We wanted those razor clams badly. Certainly, we could have gone out and dug sandworms or found soft-shell crabs in the weedy rocks, and both would have made good bait. But we wanted superb bait, razor clams that would do justice to the great shoals of bass we had located in the surf of the beaches on the northern side of the peninsula.

For a long time Brennan and I had been planning this trip to the white beaches of County Kerry, where miles of rich Atlantic surf had never been fished. The Irish have always been great sport-fishermen—for salmon and trout. It is only the last few years that they have looked to the sea for other than their food, and in the wild south and west the sport-fishing possibilities remain almost unexplored. You might see a few of the locals with light glass rods and spinning reels casting away from the nearest rock or jetty for mackerel, but that is all. Surf-casting gear is practically unknown. *How would you be getting fish now, in those big waves?*

Brennan and I knew, so we had come to Dingle, the longest of the wild, green fingers that Ireland thrusts out into the Atlantic, the most westerly land in Europe. If you go into the little shop at Dunquin and ask for a brand of tobacco or something else they haven't got, the girl will direct you to try next door. You look out at the wild expanse of moorland, boulder and cliff and then bewilderedly look back at her. This is the moment she's been waiting for. "Macy's, New York City," comes the practiced reply.

But what we wanted most now, waiting around in Benner's Hotel, was first Flannery and then some razor clams. He was exactly an hour overdue. "I'll Flannery him," said Brennan, and the little girl who'd come in to tend the fire looked up. "If it's Martin Flannery you're wanting, he's after going round the corner with his big drum." A wild, surrealist

note was entering the proceedings. And then Brennan hit on it. Easter weekend. The independence celebrations. Flannery was away to a procession that he had forgotten about last night and didn't like to mention today. In confirmation, the thin, rhythmic music of a fife-and-drum band came wafting down the street. "It's Mr. Flannery's band you're hearing now," said the girl. Brennan's Dublin blood was roused at these hick antics. His face became even redder than usual. "We'll soon have him out of that," he roared.

Not so easy. With the big drum, Flannery should have been bringing up the rear. Instead, he was protectively flanked by other Flannerys, all small, pale men in flat caps. The band switched from *Kevin Barry* to *Sean South of Garryowen*. We drove behind in low gear, the rods all set up in the back of Brennan's station wagon, everything there except the bait. "He can't keep this up for long," said Brennan. "He'll be into Ashe's or Sullivan's when they get to the top of the hill." And, right enough, there was Flannery shedding the big drum, passing it on to an eager, pale cousin and slipping into Sullivan's. "You take the back door," said Brennan. We closed in on him.

Whatever Flannery lacked, it wasn't a sense of guilt. You could tell by the way he pretended there was nothing amiss, then drained his pint in one long gurgle. "You'll be having one yourselves before we go?" asked Flannery hopefully. Brennan just looked at him.

We could see why Flannery was trying to postpone the evil hour when we got down to the harbor. The tide was at quarter flood. No razor clams for us. "We'll find some anyway," said Flannery. "They're queer creatures here." But nature couldn't bend the rules that far, even for Flannery. "So help me, they must have migrated in the night. Would you like to go to a wedding instead? Me sister's getting married." Even Brennan was silenced. We went back to the wagon, and there was a man walking down the road with a bucket of razor clams. Flannery took him aside, engaged him in whispered conversation. All I heard was a plaintive, "They were

continued

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for my supper." And then the man was away, and Flannery was coming back with the bucket. "I knew we'd get some," said he with no shame at all. "I had to give him a pound, though." Speculatively this, with a sideways look. Brennan obliged, and Flannery went off with the pound to his sister's wedding.

No wedding for Brennan and me then. With our razor clams we were into the wagon and off over the black mountains that ran like a great raised spine down the middle of the peninsula. We climbed first through green moorland where curly-horned rams with the whitest fleeces I have ever seen gazed at us through the soft Kerry rain that could easily change to sunshine on the far side of Connor Pass, so changeable and dramatic the weather there. And so it was. When we reached the top by the shining granite walls of the road cut through the mountain, a huge sunburst illuminated the peak of Mount Brandon, and *laid out before us were the dark tarns* that held trout and the gleaming thread of the Cloghane River, where the salmon and white trout ran 3,000 feet below. Away and beyond, Castlegregory strand with the surf creaming on it, and on the horizon the dark-blue shadow shapes of the Magharee Islands, the Seven Hogs of Irish mythology.

We dropped down to the tree line, low stunted thorns that had been bent by the gales until they grew that way. Then there were hedged fields, and we found the road that ran parallel with the coast. Fourteen miles of beach stretched ahead. It was hard to know where to start, but we began to look for those focal points around which bass gather on an otherwise featureless shore. Stradbally village went by, and then we saw two likely spots, a pair of stony little streams that crossed half a mile of bog and sand to the sea. They could put hardly more than a taste of fresh water into the tide, but that might be enough to draw the fish. Alongside the near one, a rough stony track just big enough to take the wagon led down to the shore, and down we went, impatient to be pulling on the thigh waders that were essential on these Kerry beaches if you had to throw a longline to get behind the surf,

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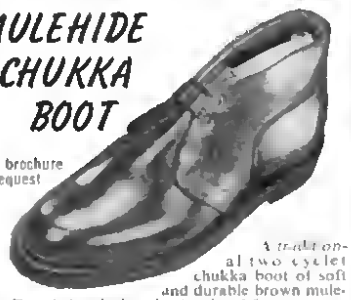

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and impatient to feel the pull of the tide and the thump of a taking fish.

It was beautiful water. There were four long breaker lines rolling in to meet the small offering of the stream. Brennan was baited up and in the water before me, and I half expected to be gaffing a bass for him before I was fishing myself. But no. Not a twitch. And the baits, those perfect razor-clam baits, were coming back untouched. But all that promise could not go unfulfilled. Simultaneously we saw the gulls working at the edge of the tide, away up the beach where the other stream came in. We took off, running the half mile down the beach—two large galloping surf fishermen, somewhat overweight from rich Irish feeding, in thigh waders with all equipment flying. We were out for the kill.

I had never seen a sight like it before. As I waded to cast, a big green roller began to topple 50 yards out. And all along it, in the vivid neon green of the Kerry water, were thousands of bass. Brennan was yelling, nothing in particular, just yelling. And now the bass weren't 50 yards away, they were all around me, erect dorsal fins cutting the water.

We were both into fish straightaway, and we backed up to beach and unhooked them as fast as we could. In again, and the score began to build up. Sixteen, 18, 20 good bass. The fish ran mostly five to six pounds, the best of them around 10—good size for European sea bass (*Morone labrax*). On Ireland's western beaches, as on this occasion, the bass can be present in great numbers. It is magnificent sport on light tackle.

But Brennan, always a weak character, brought it to an end. He wanted his tea (Irish high tea: steak, ham, chops, eggs, accompanied by a huge portion of french-fried potatoes and onions; a brown home-baked loaf and a dish of fresh butter). He pointed out that without suitable nourishment we might quickly become exhausted and expire on the beach. Better by far, he thought, if we came back that evening, fortified. Anyway, every fisherman knew that bass took better in the dark. I did not point out that it would be impossible for them to take better than they were at that moment. Maybe I wanted my tea, too.

continued

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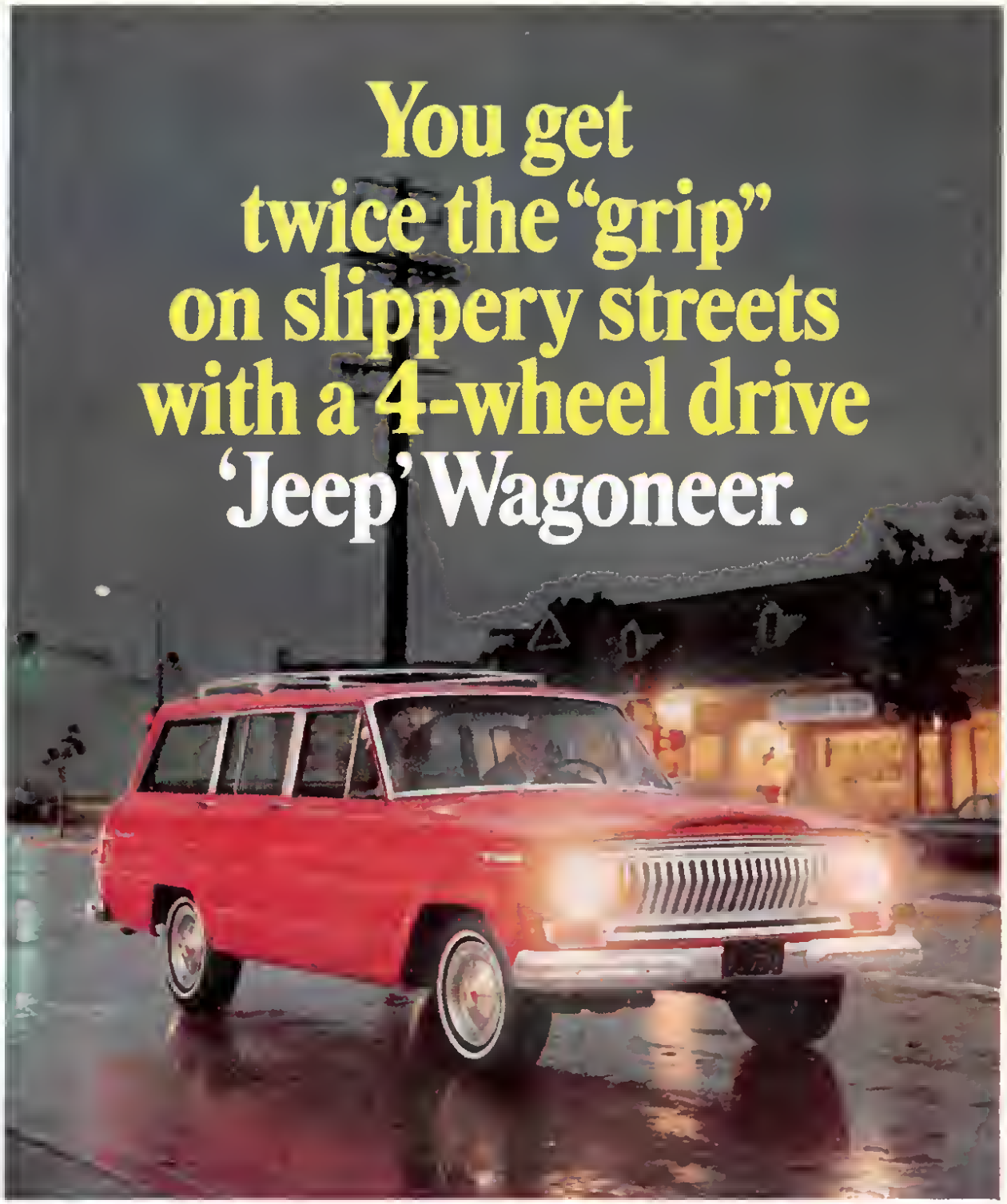

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We hauled the fish back over the stream to the car, sure of a welcome in town from all our acquaintances. There was even a fish for Flannery, too late for the wedding but acceptable enough, no doubt.

It wasn't too late. The bride and groom might have left for Cork City, but no one else had. Flannery was sitting on the bar, leading the singing of *My Old Fenian Gun*, with a lot of other Flannerys joining in, a little inappropriately since this had been an entirely respectable wedding. Well, who were we to be skeletons at the feast? And didn't we ourselves have something to celebrate?

It was a lot of John Jameson later that I realized Brennan still intended going back to the beach that night, myself and Flannery with him. "Isn't it fair," said Brennan, "isn't it right and proper that Martin here should see how well those fine razor clams he managed to get for us work on the bass?" I should have known better. But I went.

The John Jameson bore us up all the way over the mountains, and when we came to the little stony track again Flannery had a good idea. "Now, there's no need to be walking all the way up the beach to the second stream. We'll take the car on a little and cut down a bit of a track I know that'll bring us right there."

In the two hours it took us to reach the sea, Brennan had gone armpit-deep in bog and was hauled out, Flannery fell in the stream and I spent a quarter of an hour in a bramble patch, just waiting for the banshee to come and get me. We had, of course, forgotten to bring flashlights. There were a lot of other things as well that I've forgotten now, but we did make it onto the beach in the end, looking for the white band of surf to tell us where the tide was in the pitch dark. We found it, too, and cast out and stood there expectantly. We waited and waited, happy that Brennan had brought the Jameson with him and preserved it from all harm except what it could do to us.

What we didn't realize was that the tide was going out. We stood there on the sands for a good hour before Brennan said he fancied there wasn't much water there. There was none at all. We reeled up. On the end of my line was a very small, very dead bass. He must have taken straight away, and I was too anesthetized to notice the bite. "That's a fine fish," said Flannery. I tried hard to detect the irony in his voice but failed.

But there must have been an ironic point somewhere on the morning we left for home, when Flannery came to the hotel door with two small flatfish carefully wrapped in newspaper. "For the missus," he said. **END**

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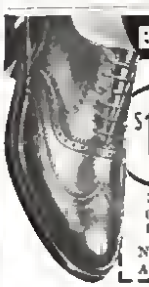

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

For most teams the season was over and done with. But 37 major colleges—including new conference champions Duke, Michigan, Rhode Island, Southern Methodist, Oregon State, Utah and Pacific—and 40 small colleges were ready to play in the postseason tournaments

THE TOURNAMENTS

For the first time in eight years the defending champion was not in the NCAA tournament. UCLA was out of it and Kentucky was the favorite (*page 32*), but nearly every other team had a chance to get to the semifinals in College Park, Md.

New York's NIT also had a well-balanced group for the tournament that begins Thursday in Madison Square Garden. Brigham Young (17–5) was seeded No. 1, Wichita State (17–9) No. 2, and everybody else was hopeful. The first-round pairings: Thursday—Temple (20–6) vs. Virginia Tech (19–4), and NYU (15–9) vs. DePaul (19–7); Saturday—Penn State (18–5) vs. San Francisco (21–5), St. John's (18–7) vs. Villanova (15–10), Army (16–6) vs. Manhattan (13–8) and Boston College (20–4) vs. Louisville (16–9).

The small colleges were ready to decide their national championships, too. Thirty-two teams were gathered in Kansas City for the six days of eliminations that will settle the NAIA title, while the NCAA college division, down to eight teams after regional playoffs, was set for the showdown in Evansville, Ind.

THE MIDWEST 1. KANSAS (21-3) 2. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (22-2) 3. MICHIGAN (17-6)

Cazzie Russell, who jiggles around a basketball court like a nervous discotheque dancer, was talking about tension in the locker room in MICHIGAN's musty old Yost Field House before the game with Northwestern last Saturday afternoon. The Wolves had beaten Iowa 103–88 earlier in the week and were only a game ahead of surprising Michigan State in the Big Ten race. "It wasn't even this bad playing for the NCAA championship," said Cazzie. "I woke up at 6 this morning and couldn't go back to sleep. So I shined my shoes." Then came word that INDIANA had upset Michigan State 86–76 at Bloomington. Cazzie—now as loose as a bowl of strawberry jelly—and his snazzy Michigan friends polished off Northwestern 105–92 to win the conference title. Whirling in spectacular jumpers, hooks and layups Russell scored 48 points for a new Michigan record.

MICHIGAN STATE's run, while it lasted, was superb. The Spartans, playing Coach John Benington's style—precise, controlled offense and tough, grasping defense—came up from the cellar to clinch a tie for second by beating Ohio State 98–79. Only ILLINOIS, which outshot Purdue 98–81 and Iowa 106–90, had a chance to catch State. About all last-place Purdue had left to cheer was the shooting of Dave Schellhase, the nation's scoring leader with 32.6 points a game. Schellhase got 38 against Illinois and 29 as the Boilermakers lost to WISCONSIN 69–68.

With a game to go, KANSAS was sitting pretty in the Big Eight. NEBRASKA had drawn even with the Jayhawkers after whipping Kansas State 79–69, but COLORADO caught the Huskers at Boulder and upset them 95–88 as Chuck Gardner threw in 42 points. Kansas, however, suffered some anxious moments at Manhattan. Kansas State, spreading its offense wide to fight off the Jayhawkers' smothering half-court press, led Kansas after 15 minutes. Then all at once the Wildcat defenses broke down. Walt Wesley, Al Lopes, Jo-Jo White and Rodger Bohnenstiehl got away for easy shots, and the Jayhawkers won 68–55.

CINCINNATI, the Missouri Valley champ, squeezed past Xavier 67–62, but the fight for second ended in a tie when BRADLEY tumbled St. Louis 72–68 and WICHITA STATE beat North Texas 112–79 and Tulsa 81–79 in double overtime. Some independents, meanwhile, were busy sharpening their skills for tournaments. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO crushed Bowling Green 109–70, and DAYTON hammered Detroit 109–80. But DePaul lost to VILLANOVA 76–73.

THE WEST 1. OREGON STATE (20-6) 2. UTAH (21-6) 3. PACIFIC (20-4)

The king was dead in the AAWU, but UCLA expired with one last hurrah—a double drubbing of crosstown rival Southern California 94–79 and 99–62. OREGON STATE was the new champion. The disciplined Beavers, who tantalize opponents with their deliberate offense and close man-to-man defense, clinched a tie by downing Washington 54–43, and then they whipped Oregon twice, 49–42 and 68–54, to put away the big prize.

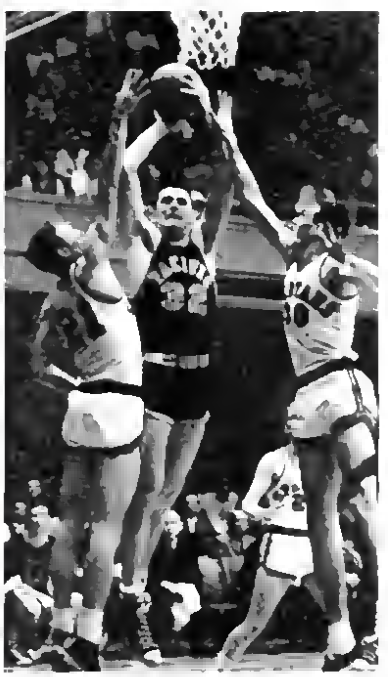
PACIFIC got caught up in a barn-burner before it took the West Coast AC title away from San Francisco. San Jose State thought it had the Tigers licked 63–61, when John Keating calmly plopped in two foul shots with one second to go. But Dave Fox threw an inbounds pass the length of the court and Bob Krulish deflected it to teammate Keith Swagerty, who whirled and banked in a jumper at the buzzer. That tied the score, and San Francisco's Pete Peletta, listening to the game at home, smashed his radio with one kick. He never even heard the overtime in which Pacific won the game 77–73. But it didn't really matter. San Francisco lost to LOYOLA OF LOS ANGELES 78–68, and it was all over.

Utah's Jack Gardner really appreciated NEW MEXICO's 83–69 thumping of Arizona. As it turned out, that gave his Redskins the Western AC title because the next night second-place BRIGHAM YOUNG outran and outshot Utah 115–100 at PROVO, despite 48 points by Jerry Chambers. Texas Western, however, had nothing to be grateful for. The unbeaten Miners, in a screamer with SEATTLE, came away empty-handed for the first time this year. Tom Workman's jump shot, with 53 seconds to go, beat Western 74–72.

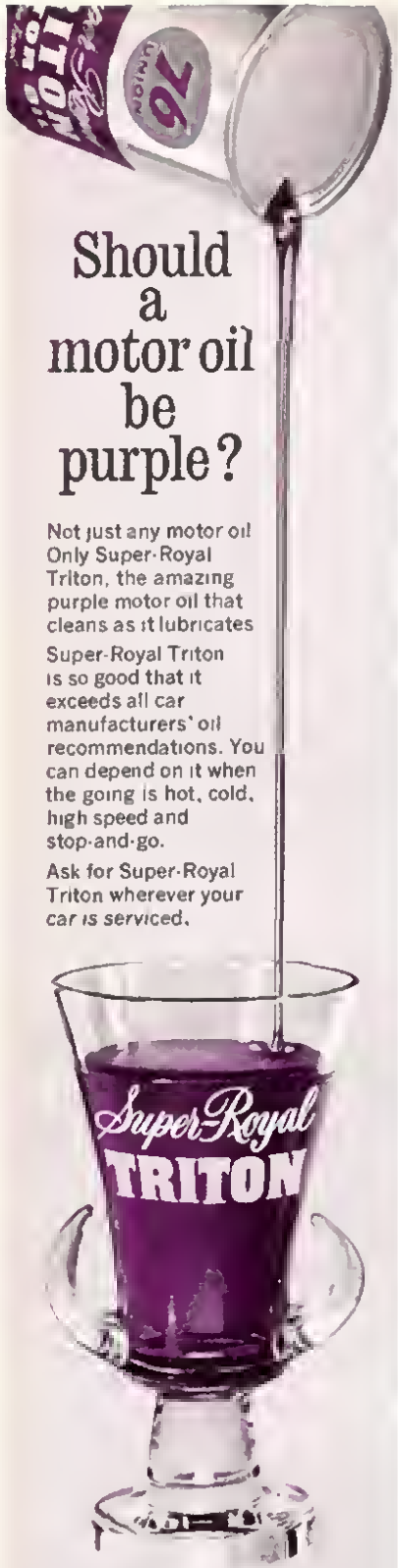
THE SOUTH 1. KENTUCKY (23-1) 2. DUKE (23-3) 3. VANDERBILT (22-4)

DUKE was 12–2 in the ACC during the season and won the title by three games. But then came the silly, hazardous postseason tournament that determined the NCAA representative, and everybody was eager for another shot at the champ. The Blue Devils were ready for everything. And they got it.

continued



DETERMINED TO SCORE, Pacific's husky Keith Swagerty shoots over reaching hands of San Jose State players. He got 39 points.



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76 UNION

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Wake Forest ran and lost 103–73. North Carolina walked—well, almost—and lost 21–20 when Mike Lewis scored a free throw with four seconds left. Then North Carolina State, the team that had upset Duke in last year's final, stepped up to challenge. Possibly shaken by the previous night's fiasco, Duke had trouble with the State press, was off in its shooting and trailed 62–56 with seven minutes to go. But then the muscle came through. Steve Vacendak hit two clutch baskets, Lewis and Jack Marin cleared all rebounds and Duke skimmed by 71–66. "Never has a team deserved this championship more," said Vic Bubas.

Kentucky possibly had the monkey off its back when TENNESSEE, with fine efforts from Ron Widby and Red Robbins, stopped the Wildcats' bid for an undefeated season. Widby got 22 points from outside, Robbins 18 inside and Tennessee won 69–62. In Nashville, the mayor made Vanderbilt's Clyde Lee an official city ambassador, the school retired his number and everyone forgot about MISSISSIPPI STATE. Which the Bulldogs liked just fine. They upset Vandy 92–90, celebrant Lee getting 18 points and 21 rebounds. In victories over Middle Tennessee, 81–47, and Austin Peay, 76–63 WESTERN KENTUCKY rested its regulars for NCAA play.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS WESTERN (23-1) 2. HOUSTON (21-5) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (24-4)

Not even a loyal alumnus would have given a plugged nickel for SOUTHERN METHODIST'S chances in the Southwest Conference in January. The Mustangs had lost three of their first four league games. Then, led by Charlie Beasley, a slick shooter, SMU won 10 in a row to tie Texas A&M for first. But the wins were coming harder lately. Only last Monday the Mustangs barely beat Texas Christian 100–96 in overtime. Thursday night they were muddling along three points behind Texas Tech in Dallas' jam-packed Moody Coliseum when Baseball Coach Bob Finley, the public-address announcer, thoughtfully blared out the news that ARKANSAS had just blistered A&M 94–71 in Fayetteville That did it. The crowd of 9,500 went wild, and SMU came alive. The Mustangs rattled in seven points in the next 50 seconds to go ahead, and Beasley, who scored 28, led them to a 99–89 victory and the SWC title. "How sweet it is," gushed Coach Doc Hayes.

HOUSTON and OKLAHOMA CITY, meanwhile, warmed up for the NCAA playoffs. Houston buried Loyola of New Orleans 103–77, and the Chiefs ran over Centenary 121–90.

THE EAST 1. ST. JOSEPH'S (22-4) 2. SYRACUSE (21-5) 3. PROVIDENCE (22-4)

While ST. JOSEPH'S loyal partisans filled the Palestra with an eerie chant—"revenge, revenge, revenge"—the Hawks went after Providence with just about everything in Coach Jack Ramsay's book. They shifted in and out of a zone press, man-to-man, 3–2 zone and 1–3 zone with a chaser. Husky Tom Duff and leaper Cliff Anderson crashed the boards for 29 rebounds, and St. Joe's had the Friars on the run early. Providence's Jimmy Walker tried to crack the Hawk defenses by passing off to the open man, but the Friars missed their shots. When he moved inside to rebound his team had trouble getting the ball to him. Walker managed 23 points, but Matt Guokas got 21, Anderson 19, and St. Joe's won 86–67. "They played volleyball on the boards," complained Providence's Joe Mullaney. "A quality performance," said Ramsay.

Two nights later Brown threw a tight zone at Providence, and the Friars were jittery. They got only 39 shots, made 19 and squeaked through 51–47.

Syracuse had PENN STATE by 11 points at half time in University Park, and it looked like a breeze. But the Nittany Lions, who have not lost at home in three years, nibbled away at the Orange and finally beat them 80–79 on sophomore Jeff Persson's twisting jumper at the buzzer. Then Penn State lost to RUTGERS on the road 71–61 as Bob Lloyd raided its defense for 40 points. SYRACUSE came back to throttle Niagara 93–78 and Colgate 122–88, with Dave Bing scoring 58 points. "Two more wins," said Coach Fred Lewis, "and we could be playing for the national championship."

PENN, unfortunately, will not get the same chance. The Quakers put down Princeton 56–48 for their first Ivy League title in 13 years, but the NCAA, after first declaring Penn eligible for the tournament, ruled the Quakers out for failing to comply with the controversial 1.6 academic standard. RHODE ISLAND, however, fulfilled all its commitments—including a 67–62 victory over Connecticut in a playoff and the necessary NCAA compliance—and will represent the Yankee Conference

BOSTON COLLEGE lost John Austin (broken foot), but sophomore Steve Adelman took up the slack and the Eagles beat Northeastern 85–78 in the Beanpot final and Holy Cross 87–83 in their annual holy war. New York teams, as usual, bounced each other around in the final week. NYU, finishing fast, battered Fordham 82–70 and then beat St. John's 67–58. It was the second shocker of the week for the Redmen. HOLY CROSS beat them 63–60. MANHATTAN outslicked St. Francis 75–64 but lost to FORDHAM 82–72.

Three NIT hopefuls finished big but got nary a call. FAIRFIELD (19–5) beat Rider 75–72 and Bridgeport 111–60, GEORGETOWN (16–8) walloped Canisius 83–69 for its best season in 20 years, and ST. BONAVENTURE (16–7) took Kent State 65–56 and Canisius 66–61. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA PHILADELPHIA (48-25) charged into first place in the Eastern Division, half a game ahead of the Celtics, with only two weeks left in the season. The 76ers started the week with a loss to the Royals but then took four straight, including back-to-back wins over Boston, 102–85 and 113–110. BOSTON (48–26) had lifted its lead to three games over the 76ers early in the week after beating the Hawks 120–95 and trampling the Knicks 140–104. Then the Celtics lost three in a row and first place for the first time this late in the season in 10 years. CINCINNATI (44–28) 3½ games back in third, relied heavily on Oscar Robertson's 150 points in winning three out of four, while NEW YORK (28–43) lost four and won one. In the West, LOS ANGELES (41–32) clinched at least a tie for first place by beating the Bullets in two out of three games and defeating the Warriors 125–123. Second-place BALTIMORE (34–39) seven games behind, won one and lost three. ST. LOUIS (31–38) climbed into third place—1½ games ahead of the Warriors—after a split with the Celtics and wins over the Pistons and the Knicks, as SAN FRANCISCO (31–42) defeated New York 114–112, then lost three in a row. DETROIT (21–53) won two and lost three.

BOATING—VAMP X, a 39-foot sloop owned and skippered by Robert E. (Ted) Turner III of Atlanta, led the Class A division and took overall honors with a corrected time of 3:04:24 in Miami's Lipton Cup, the third race on the Southern Ocean Racing Conference circuit. In the two other SORC races this season *Vamp X* won the St. Petersburg-to-Fort Lauderdale test and placed fifth in the Miami-to-Lucaya.

BOWLING—BILL LILLARD of Dallas defeated Ted Hoffman of Philadelphia 215–206 to take the $10,000 first prize in the PBA Miller Open in Milwaukee. The victory was Lillard's first since 1956, when he won the National All-Star title.

BOXING—California Heavyweight JERRY QUARRY fought to a 10-round draw with TONY ALONGI of Paterson, N.J. in Madison Square Garden (*page 20*). In two eight-round heavyweight bouts on the same card JAMES J. WOODY of New York won a decision over Lee Carr, also of New York, and JOE FRAZIER of Philadelphia unbeaten in six fights, scored a TKO at 2:58 of the fifth round over Dick Wipperman of Buffalo.

Third-ranked Heavyweight AMOS (Big Train) LINCOLN of Los Angeles won a unanimous 10-round decision over New York's Billy Daniels.

CURLING—NORTH DAKOTA, skipped by Dr. Joseph Zbacnik, a Moorhead, Minn. dentist who curls for nearby Fargo, N.D., won the U.S. Men's Curling Association championship in Hibbing, Minn. by defeating Minnesota 5–3 in the final round. The California rink was second, with Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin (the defending U.S. and world champion rink from Superior) finishing in a three-way tie for third.

GOLF—FRED HAAS JR. of New Orleans, who just turned 50 in January, became the youngest golfer to win the Seniors title when he shot a par 72 in the final round at Palm Beach for a 286 total defeating Dutch Harrison of Ellisville, Mo. and John Barnum of Grand Rapids, Mich., who tied for second by two strokes.

HOCKEY—NHL. MONTREAL (33–17–8), with a 2-1-1 week, regained the lead and whisked three points ahead of CHICAGO (32–20–7), loser of two out of three. Bobby Hull tied the season record with his 50th goal in a 4–2 win over the Red Wings, but neither he nor his teammates scored again the rest of the week as the Hawks were shut out two nights in a row. TORONTO (28–20–9) climbed into third place, three points ahead of the Red Wings, by winning three in a row after tying the Canadiens 3–3. Two of the victories were consecutive shutouts (4–0 over the Canadiens and 5–0 over the Black Hawks) by rookie Bruce Gamble, who was called up from the minors at the start of the week to replace three injured Maple Leaf goalies. DETROIT (26–23–10) dropped two more games to run its losing streak to five before tying the Rangers 1–1. NEW YORK (16–33–10), with the tie and two victories over the Bruins, moved six points ahead of last-place BOSTON (15–37–6), which extended its latest losing streak to seven with three losses.

HORSE RACING—William Haggin Perry's BOLD-NESIAN ($5.40), one of two 3-year-olds not eligible for the Kentucky Derby in a 12-horse field, won the $141,900 Santa Anita Derby in Arcadia, Calif., as favored Saber Mountain, unbeaten in five previous starts, finished second, two lengths back (*page 24*). Earlier in the week Ogden Phipps's Derby nominee BUCKPASSER with Bill Shoemaker up, took the nonbetting $136,400 Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah by a nose.

DAVIS II ($85), an Argentine 6-year-old, was a surprise winner in the six-furlong Marlin Purse at Hialeah, as Time Tested finished a head behind in second and Country Friend came in third. Mrs. Richard C. duPont's five-time Horse of the Year Kelso, in his first start since September, was fourth.

SKIING—The UNIVERSITY OF DENVER won its sixth consecutive NCAA ski championship and 10th national title in 13 years on firsts in the downhill, cross-country and jumping and a second in the slalom at Crested Butte, Colo. LORIS WERNER of Western State College (which finished second) took individual scoring honors with 361.47 points.

SWIMMING—South Africa's 13-year-old KAREN MUIR cut her own 110-yard world backstroke record, set a few days earlier, by ⅖ of a second when she swam a 1:08 in the South African championships in Durban, South Africa.

At the Big Ten championship in Iowa City, INDIANA took its sixth straight title as its 800-yard freestyle relay team set a new American record with a 7:02.6, clipping 4.4 off Michigan's mark registered last year.

TRACK & FIELD—BOB SEAGREN of Glendale, Calif. became the world's first pole-vaulter to top 17 feet indoors when he vaulted 17 feet ¼ inch at the AAU championships in Albuquerque (*page 16*). Earlier in the two-day meet six other world records were smashed. ART WALKER of the Southern California Striders lengthened his hop-step-and-jump mark to 54 feet 9½ inches, and a CHICAGO girls' team lowered the 1,060-yard medley relay record to 2:08.5. Tennessee State's WYOMIA TYUS clipped ⅕ of a second off the 60-yard dash mark with a 6.9, while her teammate, EDITH McGUIRE, bettered the previous record of 24.8 in the 220-yard dash three times, the last a 24.1. CHARLOTTE COOK, an 18-year-old from Compton, Calif., took the 440 in 54.2, knocking 1.4 seconds off the record set last year by July Amoore of Australia, and Mrs. ZSUZSA SZABO-NAGY of Hungary won the 880 in 2:08.6, shattering the 2:10.2 clocking by Cleveland's Madeline Manning last month. High Schooler BILL GAINES of Mullica Hill, N.J., who tied the world 60-yard dash mark of 5.9 in a qualifying heat, edged Richmond Flowers Jr. of Tennessee in the final. Both were timed in 6.0. Southern University's WILLIE DAVENPORT and THERON LEWIS set meet records in the 60-yard high hurdles (6.9) and 600-yard run (1:09.2) respectively, and JOHN McGRATH of Pasadena broke Gary Gubner's 1964 meet record by 1 foot 1 inch when he put the shot 64 feet 3½ inches.

At the IC4A meet at Madison Square Garden Villanova's DAVE PATRICK broke the meet one-mile record (held by Fred Dwyer since 1953) by 1.4 seconds with a 4:06.7, and Georgetown's RICARDO URBINA ran the 1,000-yard in 2:08.8, chopping ⅘ of a second off the meet mark. TOM FARRELL of St. John's won the 600-yard run in 1:11.4, and Fordham's SAM PERRY took the 60-yard dash in 6.2. MARYLAND won the team title, breaking Villanova's four-year reign, with victories in the broad jump, shotput, high jump and pole vault.

Russia's ANATOLI MARKAROV and GALINA MITROKHINA both set new world indoor records at a meet in Lenigrad. Markarov's 13:49.8 in the 5,000-meter cut 6.6 seconds off the old mark held by Alan Simpson of Britain, and Miss Mitrokhina's 100-meter run in 11.6 took ⅒ of a second off Tatiana Schelkanova's record.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED. Former Sportswriter DON RUCK, 37, as public relations director of the National Hockey League.

PROMOTED. FORREST TWOGOOD, 58, Southern Cal's basketball coach for 16 years (14–13 this season), to assistant athletic director at USC. Twogood's career record at Southern Cal was 256–179.

DROPPED. DIZZY DEAN, 55, who has been broadcasting baseball for 25 years, as sportscaster for baseball's *Game of the Week*. "I am going to do everything possible to get back on the air," said Dean, a Hall of Fame pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals and Chicago Cubs in the 1930s. "Baseball has been my life for 35 years."

CREDITS

16—New Leader. **18, 19**—Wide World. **20, 22**—Herb Schorfman. **23**—Wil Blanche. **24, 25**—Jerry Cooke. Joe Contentino (2). **26**—Sheedy & Long. **31**—Jerry Cooke. **34**—Stuart Smith. **58**—UPI. **63**—Walter Iooss Jr. **66, 67**—Gerry Cranham. **83**—Sheedy & Long. **85**—Society Hill Photographers, Joe Gust.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JIM OTTE, 8, of the Buckeye Blue Dolphin swim team in Columbus, Ohio, won the 25-yard freestyle (17.1) and backstroke (20.0) and swam on the winning 100-yard medley and freestyle relay teams at the Central Ohio AAU meet in Granville, Ohio.

JACK BENTZ, a senior at The Haverford (Pa.) School, who has a 90–1 wrestling record over five years, won the 138-pound division championship in the Episcopal Academy Invitation tournament. It was his fourth invitation title in five years, each at a different weight.

BOB GLEASON, a 6-foot-2 sophomore forward on Montclair (N.J.) State College's basketball team, surpassed the NCAA consecutive foul-shooting record held by Howard (Butch) Komives (50 at Bowling Green in 1964) by totaling 53 over a six-game period.

MRS. SHIRLEY SHAHAN, a 27-year-old housewife from Tulare, Calif., became the first woman ever to win a major title in drag racing when she took the Top Stock Eliminator honors at the National Hot Rod Association's Winternationals in Pomona, Calif.

BARRY ROST, a University of Cincinnati graduate student and business-education teacher at Madeira (Ohio) High, won the U.S. Intercollegiate Table Tennis Championships in Columbus, Ohio by defeating Ralph Weiner of New York in straight sets.

TIM SHEEHY, 17, three-time All Minnesota hockey center, scored 54 goals and 42 assists in 28 games to lead his International Falls High team to its third straight Minnesota championship. In his three years of play Sheehy scored 114 goals and 120 assists.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOKY-POKY

Sirs:

Congratulations to Frank Deford on his article, *A Pair of Sparklers in Poky* (Feb. 21). It's great when you can read about a team that's not always winning.

JESS GORDON

Schenectady

Sirs:

With tongue not quite in cheek, may I point out to Mr. Deford that Pocatello, a town of more than 41,000 (large for Idaho), is not a "drowsy little transportation center," as his article suggests. It ceased being drowsy or a transportation center long ago and is now a bed of political activity for Idaho, an industrial center for Idaho and Idaho's second largest city. Its people read *Playboy*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Life*, *Look*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, *Reader's Digest*, *The New York Times*, *Peanuts*, *Happiness is a Dry Martini*, *Nexus*, *Sexus* and *Plexus*, oh yes, and even SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. We have only two movie theaters, but oddly enough we still see the same movies you do. We drive cars and have bars and stay up late every now and then. Nevertheless, tell Mr. Deford we enjoyed his article and will invite him back to Pocatello to wipe the sleepy seeds out of his eyes.

JAN ARTHUR SAINSBURY

Pocatello, Idaho

TRICOLOR

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins has written a very fine article on France's Jean-Claude Killy (*Skiing's Darling of Derring-do*, Feb. 21). It is fitting that this man should be recognized as possibly the greatest skier in some years. I just hope that Billy Kidd can get back into shape and give him some more fierce competition.

A. BISHOP

Watertown, Conn.

Sirs:

Why, on your February 21 cover of "Killy of France," do you show the French colors, blue, white and red, in reverse order?

Several nations have the colors blue and red separated by a band of white, among them The Netherlands, Luxembourg, France and the U.S. While our order for the colors is red, white and blue, in the case of France it is *bleu, blanc, rouge*. The stripes on the sleeves of Jean-Claude's sweater indicate the proper order of the French colors and read blue, white, red from either front to back or top to bottom.

The hat tucked into Killy's racing bib has the colors in the U.S. order because it is a Moriarty hat made by Annabelle Moriarty of Stowe, Vt. (mother of ex-Olympian Marvin Moriarty), who supplies the hats for the American team. Presumably the one that Jean-Claude is wearing was given to him by one of his good friends, probably Billy Kidd or Jim Heuga.

JON D. HOWELL

Stowe, Vt.

● *It's a small world.*—ED.

WHOOPING GRANDPA

Sirs:

Jonathan Rhoades' article *Grandfather and the Racquet-tailed Drongo* (Feb. 28) was riotously funny. There is a bit of Grandfather Rhoades in every bird watcher, nevertheless, there is an *esprit de corps* among us that transcends "all Grandfather Rhoades-isms." Perhaps that is why the bald eagle, California condor and whooping crane may yet be saved from extinction.

ANDREW BIRUN JR.
National Audubon Society

New York City

Sirs:

Grandfather Rhoades is the most illustrious sport that I have ever had the fortune of reading about.

JOHN M. GEOGHEGAN

Lynchburg, Va.

INDIANER

Sirs:

While not exactly the greatest thing that ever happened to the town, your recent article about Rick Mount and Lebanon, Ind. (*Basketball's Star in Indiana*, Feb. 14) was certainly widely discussed. I was particularly intrigued by Mr. Deford's reference to "Arsker," allegedly the local pronunciation of Oscar.

Lebanon, Ind. was my home for 27 years, during every one of which my name was "Oscar." Not once do I recall being called anything like "Arsker" until I visited the fine, cultured city of Philadelphia. There, I believe, they pronounce everything with some variation of "Arsker." At least, that was the idear they gave me.

RICHARD OSCAR MORRIS

Indianapolis

F AND F

Sirs:

I am a great fan of motor sports, and I enjoyed your article on the 24-hour race at Daytona very much (*24 Hours to Shake a Champ*, Feb. 14), but I feel compelled to comment on the battle currently being waged between Ford and Ferrari. It never ceases to amaze me that the Fords are considered by

practically everyone to be the unquestionable underdogs.

If one looks closely at the struggle, it is obvious that experience is the only factor that Ferrari has in its favor. This is a major factor, to be sure, but the multimillion-dollar Ford Motor Co. has the primary prerequisite for success in racing: money. With their computers, drivers, personnel and other limitless resources there is no reason that Ford should not dominate the sport of motor racing.

All this, however, is mere background, which brings me to the one largely overlooked (by the American press) factor in the battle. All the Ferraris are using engines with a displacement of four liters or less. Many of them have only 3.3-liter engines. The Ford engines, on the other hand, are seven liters! That's right! *seven* liters! That means that the difference in engine size is at least 180 cubic inches. When the Fords were running 289s (4.7-liters) a couple of years ago one could have nothing but the greatest respect and admiration for the valiant attempt that the new Fords were making against Ferrari dominance, but when Ford pulls up alongside a Ferrari at the line now, with an engine twice as big as the Ferrari engine, I see no great thrill in the victory. What kind of victory would it be for the new Atlanta Falcons if they managed to beat the best high school football team in Georgia?

It is obvious that with such resources, Ford will rule supreme for many years. At the risk of sounding unpatriotic, however, I'm afraid my sentiments will have to remain with the little red cars from Maranello.

RAY SNIPES

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sirs:

Perhaps Enzo Ferrari is about to shut down the Maranello factory after reading your recent article on Ford's annual assault on the asphalt. Chances are, though, he is simply glancing over last June's Le Mans results. At any rate, while Ferraris continue to rack up top honors, Carroll Shelby and the rest of the Ford mob can console themselves with the knowledge that, like the other No. 2, they try harder.

ANDY CARSON

Middletown, Conn.

ARABS, APPALOOSAS AND AMATEURS

Sirs:

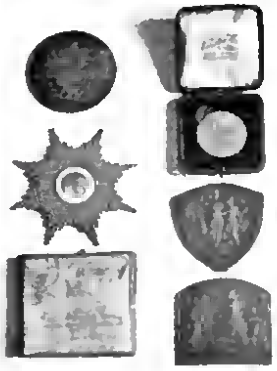
Thanks for the striking pictures and fine article on Arabian horses (*Days out of the Arabian Nights*, Feb. 21). The sport of riding and showing western horses has grown tremendously throughout the country in recent years. And the number and quality of

continued

GETTING OUT THE MEDALS

Jack Daniel's whiskey won generally starts a round of stories Mr. Jack used to tell.

Jack Daniel liked to tell about going to the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, hardly knowing anybody, and leaving it the best-known man in whiskey-making. And folks around here say that when the King of England ordered a case after the Liege, Belgium Fair, Mr. Jack was the proudest man around. They don't taste whiskey at Fairs anymore. But we're just as proud of all the folks who favor Jack Daniel's now.



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horses shown by amateurs "just for fun" have had a meteoric rise. Spectator interest has increased proportionately. On any Saturday or Sunday, from late spring through early fall, you can find a western horse show within easy driving distance, from California to Connecticut, Florida to Washington.

Incidentally, the showing of stallions by amateurs is not limited to Arabians. Among quarter horses and Appaloosas the showing of stallions by amateurs, including women and children, is common.

WILLIAM M. BLOOM

Columbia City, Ind.

TEACH-IN

Sirs:

I take it that English Professor James B. Hall of the University of California at Irvine is referring specifically to football and basketball players when he talks about athletes being "fettered by adhesive tape" (SCORECARD, Feb. 21).

If interest in sports is "irrational" and "interferes with the discipline of the mind," then why have athletic endeavors been with us for so long? Why did the Greeks interrupt wars to stage international athletic competitions? And why do millions of people annually flock to arenas, field houses and stadiums in the U.S. and all over the world?

Participation in athletics is not a prelude to mental decline. On the contrary, it helps to coordinate mental and physical activity. And as to athletes not contributing intellectually to their classes, I suggest that Professor Hall's opinion is based on a very small percentage of the athletic world. Far from becoming "dehumanized," athletes on a team learn to work together, to win and lose together and to feel pain together. Some of the best and most lasting friendships were born on the gridiron—as on the battlefield. And what is more human than fraternity?

Athletes have often used their talents to go on from sports to various other occupations. Many have gone into teaching—possibly even English. And don't social workers, whom Professor Hall seems to revere, often employ athletic competition as a means to appeal to the underprivileged, to stimulate their interest and develop their aspirations toward achievement?

DENN GARRIGA

East Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

If more people would develop their bodies as well as their minds we would have no need for social workers.

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Lancaster, Pa.

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YESTERDAY

Johnny's goof on Big Red

A taint still clings to Jockey Johnny Loftus, who rode the great horse, Man o' War, in the only race Big Red ever lost **by JACK MAHON**

You can find him virtually any Saturday when the horses are running in New York, at Goetz's Cafe on Jamaica Avenue in Jamaica, N.Y.

He's grayer now, the lines are deeper in his weather-worn face and, although he always watches the *Race of the Week* from Aqueduct on TV, Johnny Loftus, 68, one of the greatest jockeys of all time, admits he has never been to the Big A. In fact, he hasn't been to any racetrack in more than 12 years. Yet Johnny Loftus was the first rider in history to win racing's famed Triple Crown. He did it in 1919 on Sir Barton. That year he won $252,707 in purses, and his average of 37% on winning mounts is a record that still stands.

Paradoxically, 1919 remains—in memory—the blackest year of ex-Jockey Johnny Loftus' life. For it was in the six-furlong Sanford Stakes on August 13, 1919 at Saratoga that Loftus rode Man o' War when the immortal Big Red lost to Upset—Man o' War's only defeat in 21 starts.

Although Johnny doesn't like to talk about it, others have debated, dissected and distorted his personal calamity for almost half a century.

"I've explained that race hundreds of times," he says. "I was the goat. That's all there was to it. It could happen to anyone.

"Heck, if a ballplayer makes an error, it's forgotten. Why can't they forget that race? What hurt me most was the vicious gossip that there was something crooked about the race.

"Man o' War was very fractious at the start that day. He never could wait to get running, and the Sanford was no exception. He broke through about three times before the starter warned me to quiet him down—or else.

"I wheeled Man o' War around for another try. My head was turned when the field was sent away. I wasn't ready, and we got away fifth in the field of seven."

Most of the calamity howlers—who had never held a losing ticket on Big Red—demanded to know why Loftus had not rushed his horse right up to challenge the leaders.

"Hell, I could have gone up and taken the lead anytime I wanted," said Loftus. "But Mr. Riddle [Owner Samuel D. Riddle] had instructed me to lay off the early pace.

"Upset and Golden Broom led all the way and hugged the rail—about three lengths in front of me. I wasn't too concerned, for they were running each other into the ground, and I figured one of them would be coming back to me.

"Man o' War fought for his head at the top of the stretch, but the pair in front stayed on the rail. When I attempted to go through, I ran into a pocket.

"In the stretch I virtually ran up on Golden Broom's heels. He was tiring, and I had to check Man o' War and go to the outside.

"It cost me the race.

"I went past Golden Broom, but Willie Knapp, who was out there two lengths in front on Upset, was whipping away with all he had. I started waving my stick at Man o' War. He didn't respond until I shook it in front of his eyes a few times. Then he took off. He closed ground, but he just failed to get up. We missed by half a length, but we would have won it in another 50 or 60 yards."

The boos of the sore losers that afternoon long ago lingered for the rest of the season. The next year Loftus was not granted a license to ride.

Though respected turf writers, his fellow jockeys and many trainers were in sympathy with Loftus, the Jockey Club kept him down and never officially gave a reason for doing so.

"I could understand some of the criticism," Johnny explained. "Man o' War had beaten Upset easily in the United States Hotel Stakes and trounced him again a week after the Sanford.

"But people forget the nine races I had won on Man o' War—three of them after the Sanford Stakes."

A veteran hookmaker backed up Loftus' denials of any collusion in the upset race of the century. "Look," he said.

continued

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"Man o' War closed at 11 to 20 [55¢ to a dollar] in the betting. If there was any gambling coup in the works, I'd have heard about it. The price would never have been knocked down. It would have been jacked up on Big Red to suck more money in."

The man who rode Upset that historic afternoon, Willie Knapp, now a sprightly 76, can be found daily at the Big A. Here is his version of the race they will never forget:

"Any talk of Johnny Loftus pulling Man o' War in the Sanford is pure bunk," said Willie. "It was just poor racing luck that cost Johnny that race and let me win it. I don't think he would have taken $100,000 to throw that race.

"Johnny was so humiliated," continued Willie, "that he didn't speak to me for two or three weeks following the race." As an interesting aside to the biggest win of his life, Willie confides he received a fee of exactly $25 for beating Man o' War!

"We didn't get the 10% cut the jockeys are paid today," Willie explains with a shrug. "The Sanford was worth $3,925 then. It's worth about $20,000 today."

During his career Johnny Loftus won virtually every major stake in the country, including the Kentucky Derby in 1916 on George Smith. In his racing life he won 509 races in 2,092 tries.

When he was not given a license in 1920 and Clarence Kummer replaced him on Man o' War, Loftus, who was having trouble with his weight, decided to abandon his riding career and applied for a trainer's license that was promptly approved.

From 1920 until 1939 little Johnny handled horses for some of the most prominent sportsmen in America, including Thomas Fortune Ryan, and won a fair share of important stakes.

"I finally gave it all up when I ran into a bad losing streak," said Johnny. "I don't talk too much about racing anymore, because when I do I'm always asked what happened the day Man o' War got beat."

Johnny works as a carpenter now and, for relaxation, likes to go fishing with his 12-year-old son. In 1960 he was elected to the National Jockeys' Hall of Fame at Pimlico, Md. Johnny didn't show up for the induction ceremonies. He knew someone would bring up the 1919 Sanford Stakes. And Johnny Loftus would rather forget it. END

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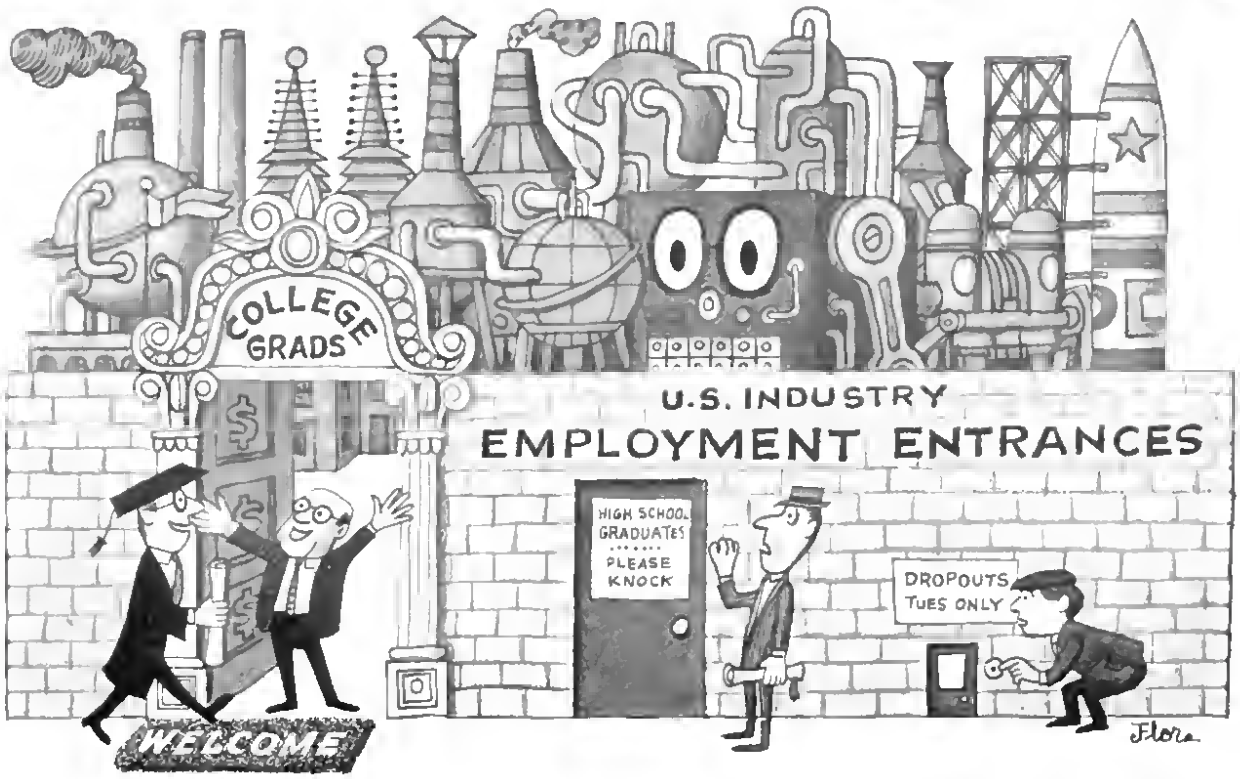

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